

THE
LITERARY GAZETTE

AND
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Belles Lettres, Science, and Art,

FOR THE YEAR

1854.

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REVIEWS.

The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, M.P. A Literary and Political Biography; addressed to the New Generation.
Bentley.

OUR first impression on receiving this volume was, that it was written only with a political object, and that it dealt too much with party questions to be properly handled in a literary journal. But as we read the book the higher purpose of the author became apparent. Conservative in the truest sense of the term, thoroughly patriotic in principle, well acquainted with the history, and rightly estimating the character of the subject of his memoir, and writing in a tone of much earnestness and in a style of great ability, the biographer of Mr. Disraeli has prepared a work at once interesting for its relation to public affairs, and full of instruction as a study of character. The literary and the political life of Mr. Disraeli it is impossible to dissociate. Most of his writings have been published with the avowed object of furthering his views as a man ambitious of distinction in the state. That he has been so far successful in his public career is alike honourable to his own talents and perseverance, and to the institutions of our country, from aspiring to the highest offices of which the humblest citizens are never excluded. But it is perfectly fair to examine closely the means by which such eminence has been attained, and as Mr. Disraeli owes much of his first success to his literary reputation, men of letters are as much interested in the inquiry as those who are engaged in public affairs. Now that the era of mere party conflict seems to be passing away, and patriotic feeling is resuming the place too long occupied by personal animosities, the history even of a parliamentary leader like Mr. Disraeli, so far as his published works and speeches afford materials, can be calmly reviewed by men of all shades of political opinion. The biographer thus opens the statement of the case:—

"I think it my duty to state the conclusions which an attentive consideration of Mr. Disraeli's career has forced upon my mind. If there be anything that has more distinguished the political history of our country than another, it is, that, however much the great offices of state may have been made the prize of individual ambition, there have still been some great rules of political morality which have seldom been violated, and never altogether outraged without general reprobation. I cannot but think that these great principles of English morality, by being brought from the quiet domestic firesides of England on to the great political arena, have done more even than the industrious energy and practical genius of the people, in making England what she is. She has hitherto been a standing witness against political atheism. She has taught her children to cling to the faith of their forefathers. She has exhibited a majestic spectacle of quiet constitutional law and order, and has embodied in her public history the same qualities that beautify an ordinary English home.

"The virtues that make an Englishman respectable in private life, are earnestness, generosity, high principle, magnanimity, modesty, sincerity, steadiness. We have been called a nation of shopkeepers by a brilliant egotist who had no virtue at all; but even he would have admitted that we had at least the virtues of shopkeepers. The English statesman has sometimes had the vices, but he has also generally had the virtues of the English tea-dealer. Now and then indeed the great rules of

political morality have been disregarded; but he who has disregarded them has never been applauded, and has frequently been thought infamous. Genius has never been the Englishman's god. Brilliance has never been considered as quite synonymous with virtue. We have had good tradesmanlike Walpoles, and dashing unprincipled Bolingbroke; but the Bolingbrokes have been despised with all their brilliancy, and the Walpoles admired with all their shopkeeper-like respectability.

"It may be the distempered dream of a recluse, yet I cannot but think that England is now in some danger of forgetting those great moral laws. Were it once to be admitted that success covers every sin, and that genius and ability sanctify every crime, I see nothing to prevent our constitution from being subverted, and the country from becoming such as would not be worth preserving. The disregard of the great moral element in political affairs is what has generally convulsed societies, destroyed constitutions, and ruined empires. If we do not learn this from the histories of Greece and Rome, if we do not especially learn it from the gloomy prospect whithersoever we turn our eyes throughout continental Europe at this day, our learning is but foolishness. The gibbets of defunct constitutions are set up in every highway. The scarecrows of political immoralities shake in every breeze. If we fall, we fall with our eyes open; for all the warnings of the dead, and all the signs of the living, tell us to cherish our good old English virtue, and walk in the ways of our ancestors."

Of the narrative of Mr. Disraeli's political life, as given by his biographer, we do not present any outline. The facts are all taken from authentic sources of information, chiefly from his own works, and from accessible reports of parliamentary and other public proceedings. Any errors of detail into which the author may have fallen will be easily corrected, as the statements relate to events of recent occurrence. The general conclusion is, that in his whole career personal aggrandizement has been Mr. Disraeli's object, in the attainment of which literary honour as well as political morality have been disregarded to an extent that calls for severest reprobation. How far this allegation is made out, must be left to the judgment of each reader of the biography. Whether the book merits attention, and how far the author seems qualified to offer an opinion on the literary and political character of so distinguished a man, may be gathered from the few detached extracts which we have alone space to quote. On the earlier shiftings of Mr. Disraeli's political position, from the time of his first starting in public life under the patronage of Joseph Hume, many will be disposed to look with indifference; but the principles avowed in his later works, and his appearance as a professed representative of Toryism, give importance to the following remarks on the character of Lord Bolingbroke, whom he sets up as the model and example to statesmen of the present generation:—

"Of all Mr. Disraeli's paradoxes, his admiration of Bolingbroke, and his representation of him as 'the father of modern Toryism,' are perhaps the most unpleasant signs to those who believe that morality has anything to do with Toryism. Mr. Disraeli must know that Bolingbroke was an avowed unbeliever. He was not a member of the Church of England. He was not even a Protestant. He was not even a Christian. He was infidelity personified. All the worst features of the scoffing eighteenth century were united in Bolingbroke. It follows, therefore, that Mr. Disraeli considers a belief in the vital truths of Christianity, much less a belief in the doctrines of the Established Church, no indispensable qualification for a leader of the modern Tory party. Has Mr. Disraeli really re-

flected on the inevitable consequence of thus making Bolingbroke the Tory regenerator? What must such a sincere member of the Church of England as the venerable representative of the University of Oxford think of the Toryism of which such an immoral deist as Bolingbroke is proclaimed the father?

"So far from the Tories owing a debt of gratitude to Bolingbroke, he, by precept and example, has done more to shake the faith of the people in their glorious and venerable institutions, than any man who has ever meddled with English politics. Whenever the utility of oaths and tests of all kind has been questioned, Bolingbroke has always been cited as a great and glaring instance of a man who could take any oath, conform to any establishment, profess any doctrine, make any declaration of faith, be at heart no believer in the Church of England, and even no Christian; something less than a deist, and not better than an atheist; and yet one who could rise to eminence as a leader of the Tory party, constitute himself a champion of the Church, and be the official author of measures depriving better people than himself of the rights of English citizens. England has reason to be proud of the old cavaliers, with their leaders, Falkland, Clarendon, and Ormond. Every generous politician, whatever may be his opinions, must respect the principles for which these men fought, suffered, and died. But what is there to respect, what is there to love, in the life and principles of Bolingbroke?

"Mr. Disraeli has called him 'the much-injured Bolingbroke.' But what were the motives of those who wronged him? They who injured him were not merely his political opponents; men of all parties have condemned him; Whigs and Tories, Jacobites and Hanoverians, the Pretender, and the two Georges, equally believed him unworthy of confidence. If all this proceeded from prejudice or want of knowledge, never was a man so unfortunate as Bolingbroke."

In his famous letter to Lord Lyndhurst, the 'Vindication of the English Constitution,' Mr. Disraeli compared the character of Bolingbroke with that of Edmund Burke; and a long eulogium of the most profligate statesman of last century concludes with the assertion, that "no man was better qualified to be the minister of a free and powerful nation than Henry St. John." On which the biographer gives a sketch of Bolingbroke and Burke, remarkable both for historical truth and sagacious estimate of character:—

"It is a pity to deface such a picture; but the principles involved in Mr. Disraeli's 'Vindication,' and the dreadful consequences of thus holding up such an immoral man and such an unblushing infidel as Bolingbroke to the admiration of the youth of England, are too serious to be lightly passed over. It shows an utter want of all moral sensibility thus to class Bolingbroke and Burke together; to speak of Bolingbroke as one whose fortunes Nature and Destiny combined to elevate; to represent him as the father of modern Toryism, blessed with the most reorganizing genius; and to declare that no man was better qualified than Henry St. John to be the minister of a free and aspiring country.

"Why were all Bolingbroke's rare gifts of so little use to their possessor or to his country? Simply because he wanted common honesty. The English people are an honest people, and respect earnestness and sincerity. They detest treachery and infidelity, and therefore they detested Bolingbroke. No one acquainted with Bolingbroke's philosophical writings can read Mr. Disraeli's praise of his idol's 'organizing genius' without a grave smile. If ever man had a disorganizing genius, that man was Bolingbroke. He established nothing. He could only declaim against everything that was respectable and venerable. Had Mr. Disraeli really understood the works of Bolingbroke and Burke, he never would have written this 'Vindication,' with the first hundred pages full of declamations against abstract rights, and praises of

aristocratic and ecclesiastical institutions, borrowed from Burke, and then have concluded by representing Bolingbroke as his Gamaliel of philosophic patriotism. For Burke always spoke of Bolingbroke with the utmost contempt, and characterised him as a most flimsy and superficial writer. Their principles were directly opposed. The first of Burke's works was a treatise in ridicule of Bolingbroke, and his last great philosophical writings were all written against Bolingbroke's principles in action. 'Who ever reads 'Bolingbroke?'' says Burke, in the 'Reflections,' 'who ever read him through?' Bolingbroke and Burke, so far from having the least resemblance, stand in direct antagonism: they have not a principle, and scarcely an idea in common; and it is not too much to say that no man can admire them both. The philosophical student must make his choice between Bolingbroke and Burke. He who is with the one must be against the other.

"The contrast between Burke and Bolingbroke may be conclusively summed up. Burke was all humility, Bolingbroke all presumption. Burke, though a sincere Protestant, was the first great champion of toleration; Bolingbroke, though an avowed infidel, and the author of many treatises against the Bible, was in his day of power a persecutor of the dissenters from the Church, in which he believed less than any of those whom he oppressed. Burke based all his speculations on the broad grounds of morality and religion; Bolingbroke was ever undermining every moral and religious foundation. Burke, after a most studious youth and manhood, entered public life with a profound sense of all his responsibilities, and with all his principles firmly settled; Bolingbroke, after a most licentious youth, rushed into politics, and acted in such a reckless manner as clearly proved him to have had no principle whatever. Burke, though an avowed party politician, wrote with the wisdom of a retired philosopher, and his observations on all the stirring events of his time, are conceived in the spirit of a profound historian; Bolingbroke, though professing to be a retired philosopher and to have done with active life, writes with the indiscriminating fury of the most unprincipled partisan, and his diatribes can now only be read with wonder and pity, as the productions of a mind crazed by jealousy and vindictiveness. Burke, while declaring that politicians were not so corrupt as was vulgarly supposed, spent his brief official life in reducing the means of corruption; Bolingbroke, while in his writings ever declaiming against the corruptions of his time, was, when in power, the most corrupt of public men. Burke, though struggling for many years in the cause of those who were separated from him by race, country, and religion, ever maintained that the love of the patriot for his native land was a wise and endearing passion; Bolingbroke, though he wrote volumes on patriotism, always declared that nationality and patriotism were ridiculous prejudices, and that to the wise man all lands were the same. Burke was always reverent, respecting authority, and trusting to the experience of ages; Bolingbroke was destitute of reverence, despised all authority, and sneered at the experience of two thousand years. Burke's eloquence, great as it is, is surpassed by his wisdom, and his works can never be thoroughly appreciated unless his eloquence is considered as secondary to his principles; Bolingbroke was a brilliant declaimer, and a brilliant declaimer only, and this caused his style to be enthusiastically admired by his contemporaries, though his writings are despised by posterity. Burke, though he wrote on the passing topics of his age, treated them so as to make them a fund of instruction for all time, and his works can be profitably studied for information on every great political question now before the world; Bolingbroke's compositions have little to interest the politician of the present time, they are as impracticable as though they had been written in a monkish cloister, and are now scarcely ever read. Burke looked at the bright side of human nature, neither acting wrongly himself, nor being ready to suspect others of acting wrongly; and declaring, that from his great experience, he

had found much real virtue among mankind; Bolingbroke, in his life, violated every principle of morality, and outraged common decency, yet was ever ready to declaim against the bad deeds of other people, never imputed a good motive for any action when he could find a bad one, and even in his will could not but break out in peevish wailings against his enemies, friends, and servants. Yet these are the two men whom Mr. Disraeli associates together, and it is quite evident that he admires Bolingbroke's brilliant vices much more than Burke's steady virtues."

Having given the biographer's account of Mr. Disraeli's latest and most important metamorphosis, and of the use made by him of English history and literature for political purposes, we need not refer to the exposure of the principles expounded in 'Vivian Grey,' 'Coningsby,' and his other works. We must pass over also the detailed account of the many plagiarisms both in his writings and speeches, and the narrative of the personal invectives against distinguished statesmen, through which Mr. Disraeli first secured universal notice. The story of the charge against Sir Robert Peel as to the death of Canning is a very melancholy chapter in literary and political history, over which Mr. Disraeli's warmest admirers would gladly throw the veil of oblivion. On the subject of his literary reputation as a step to political power, and the influence he has commanded as an author, some very sensible and just remarks are made:—

"An author in the House of Commons can seldom be despised, whatever his controversial powers may be. The House in its collective character is really very indulgent. The country squires and city merchants, however strong may be their opposite prejudices, naturally respect a writer of books. Nobody ever thought of attacking Mr. Macaulay because he was an author. Though a Whig, even the Tories in the House admired him; for he was an honest, straightforward, and consistent Whig. He combined in his person the talents of the orator and the author; and they reflected dignity on each other. The House of Commons was proud of him; England was proud of him; authors as a body were proud of him.

"Mr. Disraeli might, had it so pleased him, have received the same tribute of universal approbation. If he has been attacked, if authors themselves do not always acquiesce in his pretensions, if they do not feel honoured by his career, it is not, as it has been most ridiculously asserted, from any mean envy. If, after the delivery of the great 'national oration,' when the leader of the House of Commons was convicted of the grossest plagiarism, and the national dignity was insulted by having the panegyric of the Great Duke stolen from that of an ordinary French general, this was resented, and spoken of in the manner it deserved, surely it was from no jealousy of Mr. Disraeli. Had any other minister done the same thing, it would have had the same condemnation. Had Lord John Russell, who is also an author, decked himself in the rhetorical plumes he had appropriated from M. Thiers, he would no more have been spared than the Chancellor of the Exchequer was. Yet, when Mr. Disraeli was blamed for this audacity, a remonstrance was put forth by a great authority against authors attacking one of their own body, who had committed the most extraordinary plagiarism of which ever orator was guilty. It was said that literary men ought not to attack one who had made literature more respected, by having attained the highest honours of the state. Every high-minded author would surely scorn to defend another author in all his actions, however indefensible they might be, simply because the offender had become a minister. Never was there a more convenient apology made for a most heinous literary sin. Literature has no need of such a Malvolian dignity. The principle of 'honour among

thieves' can never be considered respectable, though it were to be adopted by the teachers of mankind. If literary men were to determine to act together in a corps, and gloss over the faults of each other, so far from this fellowship conferring dignity on them, they would be regarded by the public as an unprincipled and self-debasing confederation.

"It would almost seem from these apologists that authors had never been ministers before, and that Mr. Disraeli attained his political position entirely by his authorship. The slightest consideration will show that he became the leader of the country party by being the most unscrupulous assailant of Sir Robert Peel, and not by being an author. Nearly a century and a half ago Joseph Addison became a secretary of state purely by his authorship. Was Addison attacked by a combination of literary men? The public mind was then much less enlightened than it now is, and the blind rage of party-spirit was more furious than at any other period of English history, yet such an apology could never even then have been offered. Nobody ever dreamt of saying, in Queen Anne's reign, that literary men ought to wink at each other's faults. Addison's conduct was such, that he was universally respected by men who agreed in nothing else. Even Swift, the most unscrupulous of party satirists, did not venture to write a single line against Addison. The greatest admirer of Mr. Disraeli will scarcely put him on a level with Burke, either as an author, orator, or philosopher. Did literary men conspire to write him down? If Mr. Disraeli is treated in a different manner, it may be because his conduct has been very different."

The description of his parliamentary eloquence is graphically given, and will interest most readers:—

"But there sits Mr. Disraeli on those benches, without betraying the least consciousness of the presence of his supporters. The dreary debate drags heavily along; commonplace answers commonplace, the most tedious of which come from the mouths of those sturdy country gentlemen whom Mr. Disraeli's genius has converted into Privy Councillors and Doctors of Laws. On his countenance there is no betrayal of emotion or excitement of any kind.

"And now it is ten o'clock; the house is beginning to be crowded, the debate is becoming more interesting, and must soon be terminated. Seizing an opportunity, this all but inanimate figure jumps bolt upright, and presents itself to the House.

"All eyes are turned in the direction of the singular individual, who commences his address in that same passive manner which was characteristic of his previous isolation. He still fixes his eyes on the ground; is still calm and almost imperturbable; while the cheering and the laughter of his supporters seldom appear to have much influence over the orator. The pointed sentence, the apt retort, and too frequently the daring paradox, follow each other; but everything is welcome to his friends, although the speech seems to produce little effect on his opponents. Lord John Russell is laughing, and evidently enjoying the harangue, though for another reason, quite as much as Mr. Disraeli's followers. Two hours pass away, and these sparkling periods become somewhat tedious. At length, after two or three more keen points, the orator raises his voice, and perhaps concludes with some declamatory sentences about the land of England, which are, of course, loudly cheered by country gentlemen.

"While listening to this lengthy oration, has the reason or the feeling of the audience been at all overcome? Not in the least. The hearers have, for the most part, remained almost as impassive as the orator himself; the arguments of his opponents have not been grappled with; he has never appeared to feel much himself, nor has he successfully appealed to the feelings of others. His brilliancy is not warm and animated; there is at the best a cold, almost icy glitter; and after the speech is concluded, it strikes the mind at once that this display, notwithstanding the cheers and laughter of Mr. Disraeli's friends, has been alto-

gether phosphorescent. The orator has established nothing; he has convinced not one individual; he has only made his hearers laugh. His speeches alone would be sufficient to prove that he is destitute of argumentative or reasoning power; and of this want he appears to be himself sensible, for instead of reasoning, he is ever having recourse to his personalities.

"Yet it is not by personalities that great truths can ever be established, nor a durable oratorical reputation be founded, still less can they afford an indisputable warrant for statesmanship. The great statesman is never personal. He truly has to do with measures, and not men. With Mr. Disraeli, however, it is just the opposite: men rather than measures are the objects of his attack, and he seldom, indeed, thinks of defending at all. If ever there was a time when an orator had every inducement to confine himself strictly to the measures under discussion, it was on the night when Mr. Disraeli rose as Chancellor of the Exchequer to defend those daring financial changes which he had proposed in his budget. Whether for good or evil, the contemplated modifications of taxation were of the utmost importance, and all thoughtful men wished to know the reasons why they were brought forward. Mr. Disraeli rose amid the cheers of his friends. A less convincing speech could not have been delivered on so weighty an occasion by a minister of the crown, and the only passages of real interest were made up of personalities. The question remained exactly where it was before, or rather, it was in a worse situation, for it was surprising that a minister had so little to say in defence of such great measures.

"What a contrast to this elaborate oration was that of his rival, Mr. Gladstone! The member for the University of Oxford is the very antithesis of Mr. Disraeli as an orator and politician. Mr. Gladstone is earnest and impassioned, and far excels Mr. Disraeli in all the moral qualifications of the orator; and as the orator is, after all, not a speaking abstraction, but a living being, moral qualifications are indispensable to such a character. The first and greatest of the Pitts was the most effective of English orators, simply because he possessed in the highest degree those genuine moral, and essentially English thoughts, feelings, and habits, which prevail in every assembly of our countrymen. Mr. Gladstone has also many of those noble qualities that will do more to make him a trustworthy English statesman, than all the studied points of his ready-witted, keen-sighted, and eminently clever antagonist.

"The best oratory does not consist in points and sarcasms. The heart has more to do with spoken eloquence than the head. Passion itself, in a well-regulated mind, is wisdom in action. Mr. Disraeli as an orator is passionless. He appears never to be possessed by a great idea. He never considers the cause he espouses of less consequence than his advocacy of it: the cause exists for him, not he for the cause. Every sentence he utters is spoken with deliberation. A frigid apathy steals over the audience even amid all his brilliant periods.

"He is not very eloquent. Those who think so may safely be challenged to point out in all his speeches a passage really striking for its force, imagery, and high-toned brilliancy, such as may be selected at once from the speeches of Mr. Sheil or Mr. Macaulay. And as for comparing him to an orator like Burke, it would be absurd. The only very effective parts of Mr. Disraeli's speeches are his points; the ordinary matter of the rest is as prosaic as that of any parliamentary orator."

The praise bestowed by the author on men of all political parties proves that his work has not been written with a factious purpose. That there must be some personal animosity toward Mr. Disraeli is likely to be asserted; but the whole tone and manner of the book bespeak patriotic sincerity, and honest criticism of the literary and political life of one, the influence of whose position and writings is felt to be dangerous.

Rambles in Germany, France, Italy, and Russia, in search of Sport. By the Hon. Ferdinand St. John. Longman and Co.

THIS is not a book of much literary pretension, but as a genuine dashing narrative of continental sport it is one of the most remarkable personal histories that we have met with for a very long time. Mr. Ferdinand St. John, a gentleman "of fourteen stone, with top-boots and a red coat," seems to have possessed from early youth a most extraordinary passion for the noble pastime of killing and slaying. He has shot wild fowl, woodcocks, and quails in the Pontine marshes between Rome and Terracina, and in the Lake of Constance; snipes at the mouth of the Tiber, and red-legged partridges in the Island of Elba; chamois bucks and stags in Bavaria, and boars in the forests of Bohemia; and all with an energy and certainty of aim which afforded him continual sport and excitement. "I passed a week," says the author on one occasion, "at Duke Maximilian's of Bavaria. We were six guns, and bagged one hundred and two roebuck, five hundred hares, and twenty-five foxes. During the months of August and September I shot, to my own rifle, three chamois, twenty-eight stags, and seventeen fallow buck; and in the course of November and December of the same year sixteen wild boar." As our readers will be more interested in the author's own account of his exploits, we commence our extracts with an account of a two days' pursuit of a wild boar in Bavaria:—

"Eventually I was rewarded for my perseverance; for, on crossing a large open space in the forest, where the wood had been cut, and only low bushes left scattered about, I was brought suddenly to a stand-still by the keeper's grip on my arm. Not a word was spoken, but a motion with his chin gave me the direction in which I was to look; and then indeed my heart was in my throat, for, at a distance of about three hundred yards, I beheld a splendid boar quietly rummaging about. The keeper concealed himself behind a bush, and I began my operations, stalking so successfully that I approached to within one hundred yards of him; but, as I was setting the hair trigger preparatory to raising my rifle, I heard a grunt and a rush some fifty yards informed me from an old sow and her young who had winded me.) This rather flurried me and caused the old boar, after looking about him for an instant, to jog leisurely off. I let fly, and away he went at score; however, as at the moment I fired he made a sort of awkward plunge in the snow, I felt convinced he had received my ball.

"It is customary in Germany when any large game has been shot at to proceed only for a short distance, and if you find blood, to delay some time before following it up. Whilst I was reloading my rifle and my pipe, the keeper began to look along the snow, and had hardly gone thirty yards on the track of the boar, when to my joy he waved his hat as a signal that he had found blood. In the meantime my man came up with the dogs: the keeper taking from him the bloodhound, proceeded with me to follow the track of the wounded animal. After going some distance, we ceased to find any marks of blood, but about two miles from where I had fired the hound began (although perfectly mute) to strain violently at his collar: upon this the man whispered me, that the boar would probably be lying down in some thick bushes before us, and that I must try to shoot him before he moved again, at the same time cautioning me to reserve my second barrel in case he should charge at me. Advancing according to his instructions, and peering about, I perceived through the bushes a huge mass, at which I let drive; although, to own the truth, as it was growing dusk, I did not feel quite certain that it was not the stump of a

large tree. Up springs the boar, and crash, crash, go the young trees, and I see no more of him. The keeper then persuaded me, much against my will, to return home, saying that, as it was now night, it would be useless to persevere; but that if, by the next morning, the snow had not quite disappeared, we should have a good chance of getting him.

"On Thursday morning, the forester having some business to attend to, could not accompany me; so off I went with Heinrich and my two little hounds. Taking up the trail where we had abandoned it the night before, and following it up for half an hour, we came upon our game so unexpectedly that I had not time to fire. He started up; evidently, however, much the worse for the night he had passed.

"My jäger immediately slipped the dogs. I must here observe, that when a boar is badly wounded, they never now-a-days slip the bloodhound, whatever old pictures may tell you to the contrary, for the simple reason that a large hound attacks the boar, and either is ripped up, or drives him so far that the sportsman on foot has difficulty in following; whereas, despoising the smaller yelpers, who soon bring him to bay, he sets his back against a tree, and easily keeps these little noisy rascals at a respectful distance, giving the hunter time to get at him, directed through the thicket by the baying of the hounds. This was now the case; and, running up out of breath, I caught a glimpse of the boar through the bushes, on the opposite side of which my jäger placed himself with my second rifle. The fear of hitting one of my dogs and the thickness of the wood prevented me from giving him a finishing ball; when suddenly I heard a rush and a scuffle on the other side of the bushes accompanied by a deep German oath; and then again the dogs off in full cry. Springing to the spot, I found Heinrich sprawling on his back, the boar having, 'en passant,' ripped open the upper part of his thigh. According to the German proverb, the wound from a boar's tusk is easily cured, whilst that from a stag's horn is more fatal; for it says—'To the wound from a boar, call in a doctor; but to that of a stag, call in a priest.' Hearing the hounds again at bay, I hastily reminded my man of the foregoing proverb, and rushing after them found the boar, with his back to a tree; at the moment he gave me an indignant look, I lodged a ball in his forehead, and all was over!"

The King of Bavaria derives a portion of his revenues from the products of the forest, and many are the pleasant sporting parties formed for the supply of the royal market.

"The King has an establishment, composed of large, cool halls, where the game is kept for sale; and, as the price is inferior to that of butcher's meat, it is easily disposed of. I have often strolled through the establishment, and would strongly advise any traveller passing through Munich to do the same. He will see such a quantity of wild boar, red-deer, fallow-deer, and game of all sorts, as, I will venture to say, is not to be found in any other capital. Every animal killed on the crown lands, far or near, was sent to this building. On one occasion I saw, in addition to the game I speak of, a wolf and a very large eagle, besides other rare specimens of birds of prey. The superintendent was always kind enough to let me know when anything out of the common way had been sent in.

"When the ground is sufficiently covered with snow, large sledging-parties are arranged in the following manner:—One of the party gives a breakfast to an equal number of ladies and gentlemen. Each gentleman is expected to come provided with a sledge, well furnished with furs, and drawn by a pair of spiny nags covered with trappings and bells. Those who are desirous of doing the thing correctly have two outriders in livery. After breakfast each lady's name, written upon a piece of paper and twisted up to avoid cheating is placed in a hat; the names of the gentlemen are placed in another. First a lady's name is drawn,

and then that of a gentleman, who becomes her chevalier for the day, and drives her in his sledge.

"When this lottery is concluded, the whole party drive off to some château at a distance from Munich, with the intention of making a 'soi-disant' pic-nic in the country. This pic-nic is, however, generally transformed into an excellent dinner. French cooks and maitres d'hôtel are sent forward with every imaginable luxury. A band of music is in attendance, and dancing is continued until a late hour in the night, when the party return in the order in which they came, every outrider bearing a lighted torch. The lady is driven to her own door, and, on handing her out of the sledge, old custom (and no bad one) gives her chevalier the right to salute her 'en tout honneur.' On one occasion a fair English lady fell to my lot, and made a great fuss about this proceeding. Her husband, poor man, being as yet untravelling, had made her promise not to allow anything of the sort; but I was always an advocate for good old customs, and, therefore, in this case, not a likely person to be the first to do away with them."

The matter of the book is rather desultory, and the author skips from one country to another with little regard to dates; he is, however, careful to note his incidents of travel briefly and to the point. While speaking of Italy, Mr. St. John relates an amusing anecdote of Sir William Gell, and was present at the great eruption of Vesuvius in 1834.

"I was calling one morning upon Sir William Gell, when a Neapolitan named Cuoco was announced. This person, being desirous of making known his shop of antiquities, applied to Sir William for an English translation of his advertisement. That clever and most agreeable gentleman, having been much annoyed by similar applications, immediately wrote off the following off-hand production, little thinking that within a few days we should see it stuck upon the walls of Naples. I happen to have one of these printed copies in my possession. Here it is:—

"Avviso al Pubblico."

"Joseph the cook, he offer to one illuminated public, and most particularly for British knowing men in general, one remarkable, pretty, famous, and splendid collection of old goods all quite new, excavated from private personal diggings. He sell cooked clays, old marbles with antique basso relievos, with stewing pots, brass sacrificing pans, and antik lamps. Here is a stocking of calves' heads and feets for single ladies' and amateur gentleman's travelling; also, old coppers and candlesticks, with Nola jugs, Etruscan saucers, and much more intellectual mind's articles; all entitling him to learned man's inspection to examine him and supply it with illustrious protection, of whom he hope full and valorous satisfaction.

"N.B.—He make all the old ting brand new, and the new tings all old, for gentlemen who has collections, and wishes to change him. He have also one manner quite original for make join two sides of different moneys, producing one medallion, all indeed unique, and advantage him to sell by exportation for strange cabinets and museums of the exterior Potentates."

"Previously to leaving Italy, in 1834, I was fortunate enough to be at Castellamare during the great eruption of Vesuvius, when the cone on the summit, which I had ascended only a few days before, fell into the crater. The lava broke out of the side of the mountain, and streaming down towards a part of the country which had never before been subjected to this calamity, destroyed a couple of villages. I was present with some friends when, during the night, it devoured the last of these villages, situated at a distance of four miles from the base of the mountain. As this liquid fire advanced into the plain, it lost much of its rapidity, and became more like masses of burning coal, rolling along so slowly at last, that we had full time to retire leisurely before it whilst watching the olive trees cracking and bending down from the heat, previously to being swallowed up. Three days after

this I rode over the lava that covered the village, without seeing a vestige of even a chimney."

Not the least amusing episode in the book is the author's account of the adventures of one of his race-horses on the Continent, told in the form of an autobiography.

"I never possessed any great turn of speed, but my conduct had been invariably such as to place my character for honesty above all suspicion. Imagine, then, what my feelings must have been when, training for a race which proved to be my last on British turf, I found myself in the hands of a man whose character was in direct opposition to mine. This man, by combinations best known to himself, and entirely without my participation, had contrived to arrange matters in such a manner that he considered me safe to carry off the Chester Cup.

"Confiding in these arrangements and in my integrity, he (to use racing phraseology) put the pot on. Unluckily, however, for him, there was a slip between the cup and the lip. He had overlooked or despised a mare from the sister country, as not worth the trouble of making safe. At the moment when, to all appearances, I had the race in hand, he beheld, to his utter dismay, this mare collar me, and beat me for speed on the post. After this 'fiasco,' I was sent back to my stables in disgrace, and looked upon as rubbish that could no longer contribute as an ingredient to make any future pot boil. Hardly had I recovered from my scars and stripes, when a gentleman from the continent, hearing of my reputation for honesty and soundness, came to look at me. He passed his hand down my clean and bony legs, and, with the observation that he was aware 'I was as slow as a top,' finally bought me for a paltry three hundred. Within a very few days I found myself pent up in a sort of cradle, on board a steamer bound to Antwerp, and under the care of a diminutive private trainer, who showed me every possible attention.

"At Antwerp, we were expected by my new master, who, as soon as the vessel neared the pier, came on board, patting me on the neck, and making tender inquiries as to the state of my health. A sort of bridge having been placed as a means of passing from the vessel to the quay, I was invited to walk forth from my box. Having, however, great misgivings in regard to the solidity of the planks, no persuasion could induce me to move, although my fellow passengers had given me the 'pas,' and waited to see my performance. For a short time I had the satisfaction of seeing every one at a nonplus. My master was, as I afterwards had occasion to remark, well accustomed to contend with difficulties, and holding up his leg was hoisted by the trainer, jockey fashion, upon my back. Flattered by the confidence he seemed to place in my intelligence, seconded by a squeeze from his thighs, and a knowing shake of the bridle, I forthwith carried him safely on shore.

"Whatever may have been my regret at quitting my native turf, and finding myself a wanderer in a foreign land, I was soon consoled, when introduced to a clean, airy, loose box stored with all that could tend to my comfort, and situated on the rise of a hill which overlooked the Brussels race-course. The races were to take place the following week, and on the second morning after my arrival I was taken merely to have a look at the course. In passing through a muddy lane I had the misfortune to pick up a large nail in my near hind foot, and within four-and-twenty hours my leg was dreadfully swollen up to the very hip. Although from continual fomentations it was reduced by the day on which the great prize was to be contested, I felt myself hardly equal to the task. My too sanguine master brought me to the post, and I managed to win the first heat through very deep sticky ground. On pulling up, it became evident that it was out of the question my being able to start for the next heat, and I was accordingly sent to my stable. On the last day of the races my master started me for a handicap, which I struggled through, beating only by a head a set of brutes with whom I was ashamed to be seen

in company. In after life I never had much reason to complain of the treatment I experienced; but I cannot help thinking that it would have been better for my master's interests, instead of starting me at such a disadvantage, had he thrown me out of training, preparatory to my journey to Italy.

"My route to Florence by the Rhine and over the Spilgen is too well known for me to hazard any remarks. The only adventure of any consequence to me was, that my trainer, anxious to spare me a few miles of road, placed me on a steamer at Constance. When disembarking at the further end of the lake, one of my hind legs broke through the planks along which I was obliged to walk to the shore. The struggles I made to release myself caused the plank to turn over, precipitating me into the lake with this long board attached to my leg. How I was extricated from this I know not, for I am ashamed to say that I had lost all presence of mind. In due time I reached Florence, having crossed the Apennines in a snow storm, which made me doubt the truth of all I had picked up relating to the climate of Italy. Once at Florence I was turned loose in a box larger than any London hall-room. Here I remained until the month of March, my master having apparently forgotten my existence. As soon as the weather permitted I was put in training; but, bored at being always alone, I began to show symptoms of ill humour. To obviate this my master procured the services of a soi-disant half-bred horse, which henceforward took precedence of me when at exercise. After two months' preparation I was sent off with my stable companion to Turin, where I had the benefit of an excellent training ground in the neighbourhood. The races take place on the place d'armes, which is as hard as a turnpike road.

"In consequence of the marriage of the Crown Prince with an Archduchess of Austria, all Italy had congregated here. Amongst the festivities announced were races with some good stakes for thorough-bred horses, and a couple for half-breds. All these were pocketed by my master, who immediately sent us off to do the same at Milan. He remained a day longer to be present at a grand carrousel to take place on the square of St. Charles, built up as an amphitheatre, which contained twenty thousand well dressed people. The Duke of Genoa, with one hundred and twenty of the Piedmontese nobles, formed different quadrilles. All were well mounted and equipped, wearing the Savoyard costumes of the olden time, each quadrille representing a separate epoch. I heard my master, on rejoining us at Milan, declare that he had never witnessed anything so splendid, or so well executed. At Milan we were equally fortunate; but my master, probably elated with his success, and indulging at the club dinner in rather too much champagne, must needs make a match to ride my half-bred companion in a hurdle race, with very high and perfectly stiff posts and rail fences. Forgetting that he was much too heavy for a weed like my friend, who, moreover, had no idea of leaping, my master forced him over the first fence, but in so doing the horse fell upon him, both lying for a time senseless. My master was bled three times in one day, and was obliged to keep his bed for three weeks.

"From Bologna I was sent off in a van with a beautiful black Arabian (my master's hack) through Ferrara to Ponteba, whence, the Carinthian mountains proving too much for the van, I had to walk to Vienna. Soon after my arrival, and only a few days before the races, I fell ill; the change of food, and more especially the water, having a very disagreeable effect upon me. It was but a poor consolation to hear that this happens to all horses on their first arrival. I recovered, however, in time to go down into Hungary; and truly magnificent was the view of Pesth and the broad Danube, as the steamer approached the town. My master was well known here, having himself ridden many races in his younger days on this course. I managed to pick up two cups; one given by Count Széchényi, the other by the town of Pesth; and

was exceedingly amused in witnessing a race between some forty Hungarian peasants, in their loose linen trousers and broad-brimmed black hats; all riding without saddles.

"My ever-stirring master forthwith packs me off to Prague in Bohemia, passing through Vienna and Brunn. The races at Prague take place in October; and being the last of the year, they are attended by all proprietors of racing establishments in Germany, both Prussian and Austrian. As we were now only in June, my master went off to Baden Baden, and I saw no more of him until the morning of the race; to see which he had travelled four days and nights; and I heard (for servants will talk) that his pocket was none the better for his summer at that watering place. He seemed, indeed, mightily pleased when I pulled him through, by winning a stake worth to him a clear two thousand eight hundred ducats, about thirteen hundred pounds sterling. This prize is given for stallions, by a subscription from some sporting noblemen, who reserve to themselves the right of claiming the winner; and then draw lots amongst themselves as to who shall be the purchaser. I fell into the hands of Count H—y, who, taking me back into Hungary, made me lead gallops for his young ones. He afterwards sold me to Prince T—r and T—s, and I am now permanently established in Moravia, and flatter myself I have succeeded in carrying out his views, by improving the breed in that country."

The following narrative of six days' sport gives a capital notion of life at a Bohemian château:—

"I had received a large card of invitation, handsomely ornamented with sporting vignettes, announcing six grand days in honour of three young Archdukes who happened to be in that part of the country. The company were particularly requested to arrive on the previous day. I was the first to make my appearance, and found the general skating on a piece of water in the garden. On my approach he came gliding towards me; but whilst intent upon grasping my hand his heels slipped up, and down he fell sprawling on his back. At the same moment we heard the clang of postillion horns, and the General, kicking off his skates, hastened to receive the Archdukes and their retinue. These were followed at intervals by the rest of the company, who came pouring in from all sides; and, including ladies and sportsmen, upwards of thirty people sat down to dinner.

"At about eleven o'clock, when the ladies went to bed, and the Archdukes had retired to their own apartments, we resorted to the bachelor rooms; where, with cigars, whist, &c., we every night kept it up until four or five in the morning. Thus we never obtained more than three hours' sleep, for at seven the butler went the round of the house, carrying an awful gong, which he thumped so loudly and so long as completely to do away with any drowsiness or reluctance to rise.

"At eight precisely the breakfast table was covered with viands of every description, together with wine, beer, tea, coffee, and liqueurs; reminding me of the old baronial hospitality which one reads of as having been practised in former times. In the quadrangle of the château were sledges and equipages of various description, which conveyed us to the forest, where we found the keepers. We walked along a broad ride, until each arrived at the place where he was to stand during the first beat, and at which he found his own attendant already posted with his guns ready loaded. As soon as the guns were placed a shrill blast from a diminutive horn, which each keeper has attached to his game bag, caused the beat to commence. Now came quantities of roe, hares, and pheasants, and here and there a fox; the skin of this last being a perquisite of the keeper's, he usually takes care to place a good shot at the most likely pass for these wily fellows, who are much more difficult to shoot than any other game.

"The fox chooses the thickest covert, and the moment he perceives the sportsman, turns short round, whilst other game generally present a broad

side; besides which, he requires a strong charge of shot, and must be hit well forwards. I once happened to roll one over in the middle of a path, where he remained as if dead; but, after my attention had been diverted by some other incident, I looked in his direction and found that he had vanished; nor could a good retriever succeed in catching him. When the beaters had traversed half the covert, the keepers on each flank blew their little horns, and were answered by other keepers, who were intermingled with the beaters. This is done in order to know whether the proper line is maintained. When within sixty yards of the guns the horns are again blown, after which no sportsman is allowed to fire in the direction of the beaters. Out came about eighty of these, and, without any vociferation or noise, off they marched in Indian file. We then merely turned our backs to the covert just beaten, and upon the horn being again sounded, eighty other beaters drove the opposite wood; the first placing themselves in the mean time so as to be ready to drive a third covert.

"In the six days we killed three thousand one hundred and eleven head, and this not in home preserves, but in wild forests. Amongst the different schemes devised by our host for the amusement of the ladies in the evening, a lottery was proposed; and my son was despatched to a neighbouring town to lay in a store of small trifles for this purpose. Count S— had hired for the week the actors belonging to the Prague theatre, who performed every evening after dinner. On the night of the intended lottery, and at the moment we were leaving the theatre, the fire-alarm bell was rung in the village. We all rushed forth, and were soon stationed, the Archdukes amongst the rest, in single file, to pass buckets of water. The fire was subdued, but not until one house had been totally consumed.

"On returning to the drawing-room, I proposed that the different articles which my son had brought over for the lottery should be disposed of by auction, for the benefit of those who had suffered by the conflagration. The idea was applauded, and adopted *nem. con.*; and my son being placed upon a billiard table, the sale began. Each person bidding high, many trifles worth a few pence were sold for as many napoleons. The Archdukes entered most liberally into the spirit of the affair; and the editor of the Prague newspaper, hearing of what had taken place, published a flaming account, giving their imperial and royal highnesses the full credit of the idea and its execution. The General keeps a game book, the exactness of which can be easily proved, by the accounts of the dealers who buy the game. I looked over this book, and found that the best year's sport was that of 1842, and amounted to 13,732 head, of which only 159 were rabbits, and 46 marked down as miscellaneous."

Mr. St. John was in Baden at the time of the Revolution, and relates many stirring and amusing anecdotes. We have only space for the following:—

"The Prussians having occupied Carlsruhe, the insurgents took up their position on the left bank of the Murg, which flows through Gernsbach, Kuppenheim, and Rastadt; so that my houses situated between the two armies, was cut off from all communication with the town of Baden. Anxious to obtain some intelligence, I one afternoon drove some ladies in my open carriage to the railway station at Oos, at which trains were constantly arriving from Rastadt. I had entered the building for a moment, and in the mean time a Polish commander, who was accompanied by his wife and a few men, and whom I had remarked as being armed to the teeth, chose to take a fancy to my equipage, as a convenient mode of escaping into Switzerland.

"He proceeded to desire his men to cause the ladies to alight, inasmuch as he required the carriage for himself and wife.

"Against this proceeding fortunately some Baden 'bourgeois,' who chanced to be present, strongly

remonstrated. The dispute caused a crowd to collect around them; taking advantage of which I jumped upon the box, and starting my horses into a gallop, carried off my carriage-full of ladies, before they had time to get to my horses' heads."

The volume is embellished with several admirable lithographic plates, printed in colours, with a variety and delicacy that establishes a decided advance in the art.

The Turk and the Hebrew; or, the Rule of the Crescent. A Story of Real Events and Living Persons. Hope and Co.

THE author calls this book a story of real events and living persons. It is the old story of the oppression of the Jews, a false report of the murder of a monk being seized on as a pretext for spoliation and cruelty. The book opens with a glowing account of eastern scenery. The rich Jew and his daughter are prominent characters, and the description of the house at Damascus and the fair Berenice is in a style of oriental fluency. Isidor Farchii is a noble specimen of the Hebrew race:—

"Berenice was clinging closely to her father's side. The head of the young girl scarcely reached to the mass of embroidered shawls about his waist. Isidor Farchii, like many of the rich Jews of Damascus—the most fortunate and favoured of their race for many years—was much above the common height: and the flowing masses of the Oriental silk robes added to his stature. He was a man in the prime of life—and in all the features of his countenance—in the firmly-compressed, finely-cut lips—the thick, rich, shining eyebrow, and eye of indescribable brilliancy—the arched, finely-chiselled nostrils—the perfect oval of chin and cheek, outlined by a beard like a band of polished jet—in all these there was a strong and concentrated expression of that great attribute of mind by which his race have stood unmoved the waste of ages—the will. But it was a countenance of much benevolence also. The dark eye burning with a steady, not a fierce, fire—an inward fire supplied by the soul only. And not by any mere animal courage. His was the true complexion of the Spanish Jew,—clear, dark, transparent, but without any shade of colour on cheek or lip—a sort of pale livid olive. Masses of jewels and gold loaded his figure. A crimson cashmere shawl, with heavy gold fringes, was folded once or twice about his head. The Jew is seldom armed; but in the shawl about Farchii's waist a dagger, superbly mounted with precious gems, gleamed as it caught, and continually flashed back, the rays of the Eastern moon, as if it had been a cluster of living fire-flies."

After describing in touching language the fear of the father lest evil should befall his child, the author says:—

"Why has Romance taken always so much delight in these two characters—the Jew and his daughter? Why—but because it found a never failing pathos in the picture of deep love—love, perhaps the holiest that can inhabit man's heart—opposing here, for the protection of one helpless object, the violence and brutality, and lust of all the world—love, the purer and deeper the more full of anguish here."

There are fearful pictures of tortures inflicted to force confession of the imaginary crime, though we can hardly believe that a French consul, ex-consul, and secretaries could have been present at such diabolical cruelties:—

"The Mahomedan jailor re-appeared, followed by two grim-visaged, black-turbaned officers, with their scimitars. These two laid hold on Fatelli, and half forced, half dragged him, through an intricacy of thick stone passages. In vain did the unhappy captive beg, pray, entreat, weep, groan, offer all sorts of imaginary treasures—no heed was paid to him. He continued to entreat and pro-

mise; not knowing, in his frenzy of terror, what he said, nor seeing through what kind of places he was dragged. At length, the sudden and blinding blaze of torches flashed upon him; and Fatelli stood in the torture-hall, and in the presence of the Pacha.

"The hall was in a blaze of light, and filled with the figures of armed eunuchs and janizaries. But all swam, with the confusion of a dreadful dream, before the eyes of poor Fatelli. The first object that recalled him to consciousness—the first object that met his sight as he was dragged forward, was his master, Isidor Farchii, lying bound on the floor beside the rack, his whole body bathed in blood from head to foot. Near at hand stood the Consul and his European comrades."

Farchii makes a false confession to save himself from the misery of being witnessed against by his own son, a delicate youth, who, to escape threatened torture, had been induced to invent an unfounded tale. The character of Zara, the slave girl, is well depicted, and her longings for freedom are finely described. Wretched as is the doom of the countries under Turkish dominion, it is doubtful if the tender mercies of the Russians would be greater. Nominally there is now some toleration granted in the Ottoman empire to all religions, but the fanaticism of the people makes this firman a dead letter wherever European influence is not at hand, as in Constantinople and Syria. In the story of 'The Turk and the Hebrew' there is not much plot, though a prominent incident is the love for Berenice of Francisco, a young catholic, whose father is one of Isidor's chief persecutors. But the happy catastrophe of marriage does not take place, and they part after he has seen her safe from danger. In the style of the book there is tendency to ornateness and exaggeration, but there is a liveliness of imagination and of feeling which will not fail to interest and please some readers.

Walter Evelyn; or, the Long Minority. 3 vols. Bentley.

High and Low; or, Life's Chances and Changes. By the Hon. Henry Coke, Author of 'A Ride over the Rocky Mountains.' 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Aithford, A Family History. By the Author of 'John Drayton.' 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Maud, A City Autobiography. 3 vols. Bentley.

Alice Wentworth. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Charles Stanly. By the Author of 'Ninfa.' 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

THESE novels, differing much in the ability with which they are written, and in the style of subjects taken up in them, we group together, as being tales of social life in our own country and time. Any outline of the stories we have not space to give, but shall endeavour, by brief description of their topics and style, and a few extracts, to enable our readers to judge how far the books merit perusal. The first on our list, 'Walter Evelyn,' which seems to be by a new writer, displays no great skill in the construction of the story, but is full of interest from the liveliness and good sense with which the author conveys his own ideas on many subjects in the course of the narrative. It contains the history of a young man to whom a large fortune had been left by an uncle, under the care of a rascally guardian, the Earl of Winnington, a man who, in spite of holding

high offices in public life, and passing in the world as 'respectable,' is thoroughly depraved, and cheats the young man of his inheritance. Walter Evelyn is thrown upon the world, but with energy and experience fitting him to face his trials. The story of his life and education until he reaches his majority, without presenting any startling incidents, describes scenes and characters from which the reader may gain much useful information and judicious counsel. The hero is very superior to the usual class of young men who figure in novels; and though he does not escape some snares, he gathers wisdom from his experience, and good lessons may be derived from the narrative. The sensible strain of the book may be seen in the following remarks on authorship, which will interest literary readers:—

"As to your question whether a mere work of imagination is likely to succeed in these days, I believe that original works of imagination always succeed better than any other. Only work out one single new or even an unhacknied idea with tolerable skill, and you will have readers enough. Where writers fail it is generally because they will copy other people, and we do not want to read an indifferent imitation of a good original. If every writer would honestly and truly chronicle his own thoughts only, we should have many more interesting books than we have. Writing up to the fashion you consider in vogue, 'the present taste of the public,' as you think it, is a mistake; for the truth is, there never was, is, or can be any fashion which you need care for in books, and every writer worth reading creates a new one. He is followed by a host of literary hacks, and so springs up a fashion which the very first man of real talent changes. Authorship, however, is a profession, and you must not keep behind the knowledge of your time any more than a lawyer or a chemist. Read whatever new books are worth reading. If you are writing a novel, read the best recent novels for amusement, and the best old ones for study; not but what you may really learn as much or more from Dickens and Thackeray, and from the wonderful art of construction of Bulwer, than from Smollett and Fielding, Richardson, or Dr. Moore; but I make the difference because you really must read the old authors, and they are not particularly interesting, save to a literary student.

"There is one thing which I especially recommend you to avoid, and which is one of the capital faults of young writers: that of overcrowding your book with incidents. I do not know anything more wearisome to the reader. Take some one idea, involving if possible a great useful moral truth, and work it out steadily, with such illustrations as may blend most happily with your subject, such as suggest themselves naturally, and are not far-fetched. Do not say all that may be said, but choose the best and most salient points. One of the great charms of a good book is to make the reader think, not to tell him what he shall think. Suggest ideas, therefore; do not exhaust them. One of the first rules of taste is to conceal a part, to leave something for imagination.

"Do not hurry your book; a good novel cannot be written quickly, though you should be always thinking about it, and ripening the subjects of it in your mind. 'Rasselas' was written in a few days, and is one of the finest books in the language; but who can say how long the one idea it contains had been revolving in the Titan mind of its author? Besides, 'Rasselas' is a narrative. When, therefore, you feel in the humour, and have thought well over what you have to say, write on bravely till you feel wearied, and if this carries you to the end, why so much the better. But remember you have no right to give your crude ideas to the world till you have taken all the trouble possible to weed out error from them. Go, therefore, over your work carefully a second time, and be very strict over all you have written hastily; for an author has a great and sacred duty to fulfil, and is bound to write as well as he can, lest false and

foolish things, leading, may be, to endless evil, come into the world through him.

"At the same time I would have you be on your guard against becoming the slave of your own inclinations, and only writing when the fit is upon you. If you choose literature as a profession,—and it is now an honourable and lucrative one,—you must follow it steadily, or you will never succeed. Genius is a very fine thing, but its flights must be moderated. Pegasus must be bitted, and, though you are not bound to ride him over the pavement like a dull hack, beware of letting him run away with you. If an author has reflected sufficiently on his subject he can write as well at one time as another; and waiting for inspiration is the most miserable of all subterfuges invented by our own idleness. Away with it! Take your pen in hand, put your paper before you, and your thoughts will come trooping along from far and wide till they gradually concentrate themselves upon your subject. Indeed, I believe nothing assists thought so much as some material occupation, like writing. I will give an instance:—

"One of Napoleon's generals, I forget which, had an inveterate habit of smoking. He smoked day and night, night and day, in bed and out of bed; eating, drinking, sitting, standing, walking, riding, thinking, sometimes even sleeping, the everlasting pipe was in his mouth. He was reputed a clever man, and so remarkably well informed of the state of the troops under his command, even down to the minutest details, that Napoleon sent for him on some occasion of peculiar emergency, and asked his advice.

"The great respect which the Emperor exacted, however, from all who came near him, of course brought the General into his presence without a pipe, and not a question could he answer. Napoleon grew angry, when somebody suggested the real cause of the General's being at fault, and when he was allowed to smoke his ideas came fast enough.

"Now, what his pipe was to Napoleon's general is the pen to an author. The magic wand which strikes the rock, and forth flow living waters.

"Accustom yourself, too, to be good-tempered, if interrupted; and remember that Scott wrote 'Marmion' amid the din of the nursery. Authors have generally a bad character for irritability. It is, however, all habit, and may be conquered by a steady determination.

"To conclude—never write without having fixed upon some honest, good, ennobling purpose, and have it always steadily before you. It is incalculable the good that even one earnest writer may do in the history of the world, and the high place he may be called upon to fill; before that of generals, and armies, and kings. I may venture, I think, safely to say that some of the wisest measures which have lately been carried into execution by the legislature have been first suggested and advocated in novels; and some of the most crying abuses of our times have been suppressed by them. Remember that your holiest duty is to render men better and happier, to strengthen their judgments, and to encourage their virtues; not to weaken either by confusing them with vain doubts and showy sophistry, or trying to find excuses for evil. Make your characters as interesting as you can, but do not seek to throw a charm over their vices. If you must represent evil things represent them as they are—have seen them to be—not as you may fancy them, and they will have little attraction for anybody.

"It is scarcely necessary to add that your story should not have too many characters in it, and all whom you introduce to the reader should have some special business with it. If, however, you want some particular person for a brief purpose, you are not bound to provide for him afterwards throughout your book, and bring him either to happiness or condign punishment, as circumstances may require. A novel should be a representation of life, and in life we meet many people only once. Not a line throughout your whole book should be wasted; and beware especially of your dialogue. Conversations in books should be more than mere

flights of imagination. Let them always, therefore, serve either to illustrate individual character, the manners of a class, or to advance your story."

The descriptions of political life and characters, of which Evelyn saw a good deal in diplomatic service abroad, are remarkably good. So also are the sketches of town life in the third volume. Of foreign countries and their people the author has a right estimate, and while showing well the advantages of travel, his thorough English feeling will have a response in every sensible and generous mind:—

"If a few years abroad ought to be considered one of the most necessary parts of the education of every gentleman destined to take a part in public life; if nothing enlarges the mind more, or frees it more effectually from prejudice; it is equally certain that nothing has a more directly contrary effect than a prolonged residence in any foreign country. Abroad there is no public life, and there is therefore no conversation. In England we are accustomed every hour in the day to hear subjects of world-wide importance discussed by the most acute and practical intellects that free institutions can form; and we get into the habit of thinking largely and philosophically even in our drawing-rooms and at our dinner-tables.

"Change the scene. Go to Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg—where you will. What do you hear? Is one great or noble thought ever expressed in society? Is one subject ever discussed there above the average chatter of our housekeepers' rooms or actresses' suppers? or, at the very best, beyond the comprehension of a gentleman-usher? Money, debts, scandal, appointments, soldiering, among the old; horses, theatres, wine, women, cookery, among the young. This is the alpha and omega of it, and really without any exception; for if a person in a foreign society was to give utterance to an original thought, or broach a grave subject of discussion, the whole company would start as if a bomb had been let off in the midst of them, and set the offender down in their own minds as a dangerous democrat.

"The fact is, foreign society is rotten to the very heart's core. Its best men have so long consented to be political nothings; they have so long agreed among themselves to sink into triflers, that triflers they are. Political distinction,—a place in the ministry,—is looked upon with absolute contempt by the great nobles, and the whole government of the continent is in the hands of Lilliputians both in intellect and social position. It would scarcely be going too far to say, it is nothing but one scene of abuse and corruption throughout, and there is hardly anything too bad not to be either practised openly, or tacitly suffered to go on. For centuries affairs have never looked so sad and so hopeless. There is a profound discontent abroad, though it is now inactive and sullen. Men have ceased even to care for good, or to seek after it, for they have just seen that moderate reform is a vain dream, and they must either have absolutism or anarchy; and they have learned therefore to accept things as they are, to let abuses go on, and try to think, as their only consolation, that a strong established government of any kind is better than a weak and transitory one.

"It would be hard to say where this will end,—for end it must,—and, whenever the masses rise again, the next desolation of the continent of Europe will certainly be the most terrible in the history of mankind. Rulers have got up the steam, and fastened down the safety-valve, so that the explosion will be fearful indeed. The remote cause of the events of 1848 may be sought in the fact that no legal effort for the simplest reform could be made; yet reforms men will have in the long run, and political apathy cannot last for ever. Progress is the necessary state of society. The present lull is—can be—temporary; and both despair and the stern warnings of the last few years will wear away—and then?—"

After describing various forms of foreign

life, here is the account of average London citizens:—

"Where do we meet such grave, silent, thoughtful, enduring-looking people—people who seem to have led such real lives of sorrow and trial and long-struggling, with a brave hope through all? Stand at the corner of the Rue de la Paix, in Paris, and watch the faces of the passers by; in most of them there is a great deal of vanity, a great deal of recklessness, and in some an expression that makes you shudder with the thought of terrible and secret crimes. Shift your position to the front of the *Postas Generales* in Madrid. What do you see? Listless saunterers, gay coquettes, and stealthy duennas: a very atmosphere of frivolity; nothing real, nothing true. Take your place in the Graben at Vienna, and pick me out one earnest, hopeful face, if you can. Under the Linden at Berlin, the same story—pedants and triflers. The men all wear spectacles or eye-glasses. The women are mere housewives or scarlet ladies. In Italy, again, still triflers, or the old expression which made you shudder in Paris, and is here still more terrible. But in London you seem to see plain human beings, living out the lives that have been appointed for them with a quiet courage and endurance which lasts on to the end.

"Where abroad did you ever see such a face as that of this man just stepping into his carriage? He is a wealthy plebeian; that is, one who, by sheer toil and industry, has raised himself to the upper paths of life. On the continent, such a man would infallibly be a rogue. But look at him closely. Do you see any bad expression in those calm, thoughtful features? Do you see one taint of humbug in that plain, composed bearing? He is a mere everyday man; but what a history, not only of an individual, but of a whole nation, is revealed in the bright, well-opened eye, and the firm, independent carriage of the man! You see that he has risen in life, at a glance, and you see why, as well as if you had watched his slow beginnings and his patient industry.

"And his wife who has come to fetch him home from his office. Did you ever see such a face as that, save in London?—such a world of sweet companionship, and gentle reasonings, and hope and consolation, and sweet wisdom, in any eyes but English eyes? There is nothing theatrical, no divided heart or separate interest between those two: no mistress, no lover stands between them. There they are, as God made them, and as they were intended to be, with all their griefs and cares and hopes and pleasures real, none simulated. They are not actors, they are men and women; and so, more or less, are everybody else you see in London, and few or none you see elsewhere. They are to be understood. Their histories are written on their faces and whole bearing, as plainly as if inscribed in round text. Elsewhere all meaning is flourished out of the characters. And tell me if this man is a minister of state or a mountebank, and if that is a priest or a fiddler, if you can."

The author of 'Walter Evelyn' seems to have little experience in book-making, at least in works of fiction, the introduction of the story, for instance, being in very bad taste. But the reader soon finds that he is engaged with one whose thoughts are worth weighing well, and whose warm and generous feelings will secure his respect and sympathy. It is a book which will afford solid satisfaction in the perusal, beyond that of the passing excitement usually sought in works of fiction.

'High and Low; or, Life's Chances and Changes,' by the Hon. Henry Coke, is a novel of much the same cast as 'Walter Evelyn.' There is more grouping of character and dramatic art in the story, but the merit of the book chiefly lies in the absence of the conventional trifling which forms the staple of fashionable novels, the author making the narrative and the dialogues the vehicle for

conveying the sentiments on a variety of subjects of general interest, social, political, and religious. Mr. Gregory, one of the characters, is a wise and good old Mentor, from whose mouth many lessons of prudence and benevolence proceed. In Pierce More and Winter, the contrast between the naturally generous man and the plausible villain, moving in the same dangerous sphere of London club life, is strikingly depicted. Some of the incidents, such as the tale of seduction, the scene in the St. James's-street gambling-house, and at the chambers in the Albany, may seem to some too hacknied, but as these things form part of everyday London life, we cannot object to their introduction in a faithful mirror of certain circles of society, especially when described with the liveliness and skill which Mr. Coke displays. We give an example of the author's pleasant style of familiar narrative and reflection:—

"A strange room in a strange house is not usually comfortable. But there is a degree of adaptability and an air of repose about these old chambers, in our English country-houses, which soon make one on the best of terms with them. Besides this, Pierce had an excellent valet. And with a handy servant, who thoroughly understands his master's habits—who never puts the right slipper on the wrong foot, who is quick without busting, who knows where his presence is required, and where his absence, and who has, moreover, the happy knack of making any room in five minutes look like his master's own room—it is no hard matter to be physically comfortable.

"The two or three hours before dinner, in a large country-house, ere one can legitimately and honourably retreat to one's private apartment, are often the most tedious in the day; especially when the days begin to shorten, and out-door amusements are exchanged for the dullness of the unlighted drawing-room. But what a luxury is the coziness of your particular fire as the time for dressing approaches!—a time when men betake themselves to dressing-gown and slippers, and stick their feet upon the fender with a conscious pride of having done a good day's work—in other words, of having got an appetite for dinner; when women wash down what little appetite their luncheon left them with a cup of tea, and take a nap to make them fresh for the evening; or sit for half an hour before the looking-glass to have their hair done, and read, the while, the last new novel. It is a cozy time, indeed; and More, with all his grievances, as he sat buried in an arm-chair, screening his face with his book, could not help smiling to think how cozy and comfortable it was.

"Pierce would have been glad to have enjoyed, for any length of time, this state of luxurious repose. But he was troubled with that peculiar temperament to which modern physiologists have applied the compound term of nervous-bilious; and this idiosyncrasy entailed upon him the severe infliction of an active mind. As, therefore, it had befallen him the day before, under afflicting circumstances, to wonder at the unequal distribution of misery in the world, and to experience certain rebellious feelings at the apparent caprice of fortune to his cost; so, now—as he drew his silk dressing-robe around him, and felt that his chief care for his maintenance of present comfort consisted in keeping the soles of his feet from scorching—it occurred to him that fortune's whim was far more apt to treat him in this way than in any other. And it required no great skill in logic to bring him to the conclusion that he had as little right to claim the one condition, as he had to be exempt from the other.

"Coupled with this conviction, a very undefined sense of duty again crossed his mind. Again he asked himself, 'was he born for no higher mission than to lounge in cushioned chairs? To dawdle through life—useless to himself—and to everybody else? He was fast wearying of this slothful monotony. But what was he to do? He did his best,

when called upon to do so. The mother pleading for her defenceless child whispered a reproof. But then, this must be a lie. Winter had seen her just before, and she was in perfect health. Yet was there an air of truth about the letter; and if by chance it should be true, and if Winter—it was not the first suspicion he had entertained of Winter's good faith—should be deceiving him, would he not have to answer for a neglect of duty here?

"But he was so badly off, he could not do much for the poor creature. What on earth could he do with a child three years old? After all, there were hundreds, nay, thousands of women in the same predicament. Poor things! it was a sad fate, that of those lost women: and ten times worse in a case like this of an educated woman!"

Some of the speculative opinions of the author are open to discussion, but he writes truthfully about the vanity and selfishness of mere fashionable life, and makes the reader feel how much happiness is to be derived from works of kindness and charity, and from personal efforts to relieve misery and distress.

'Ailieford,' by the author of 'John Drayton,' is a Scottish story, in which domestic scenes of humble life in the Lowlands are strikingly depicted. The book relates the fortunes of three brothers, the different characters and careers of whom afford scope for variety of description. The simple annals of ordinary life often afford good subjects for narrative, but there is a plainness in the Ailieford family not favourable to effect in a work of fiction. The merit of the book lies more in the manner than the matter, and able writing somewhat atones for the prosaic personages and ordinary incidents of the tale. We give the opening of one of the chapters, where Sybil, the young wife of one of the brothers, who had been secretly married, goes in quest of her thoughtless husband in some tavern in Edinburgh:—

"I must go to him myself—nobody must come between Jamie and me."

"She disengaged herself quietly from my arm—quietly, yet with a decisive motion not to be remonstrated against; and I saw she was right. So I myself subsided into a dark close-mouth, and watched her timid figure disappear into the lighted doorway. I had ascertained before that Jamie was there."

"The night was a dark and wild October night, full of wintry, drifting clouds. Looking straight up between the black, rock-like walls which shut me in on either side, I saw great masses of clouds, flying ominously before the wind which pursued them with a shriek like an avenging spirit." Behind me was the dark court-yard of an immense 'land' of houses; before, the open crown of St. Giles hung dimly between me and the sky, and just a step beyond my concealment, contrasting strangely with its utter blackness, was the pavement of the High-street, crowded with its characteristic loungers; but in spite of the spectator habit of my mind, I could take no interest then in the gossiping Edinburgh crowd. I was thinking of the night of my own betrothal—I was thinking of Mary in her sober wisdom, and of poor, unwise Jamie, and his young sorrowful wife."

"And Sybil, too, had known the dreamy, inarticulate joy, throbbing with all gentle hopes, of this betrothal time. Come and gone; and here she went timidly, a young wife, a bride yet almost, to ask her husband's protection, with a dread that it would be given to her grudgingly, if given at all."

"A shadow fell upon the lighted doorway. It was Sybil coming out—and immediately following her was Jamie, hurriedly putting on his hat, and looking, as I perceived, out of temper and annoyed. They came into the shadow of a dark house out of the glare of the shop-lights, and so near that I could hear them. I did not move from my own post—I was too anxious, and too deeply interested to think of eaves-dropping."

"Well, Sibby, what do you want?—and what on earth has brought you to Edinburgh at this time of night?" said Jamie, somewhat sharply.

"Sybil began to speak at once in a low, hurried voice, so quick that I could scarcely gather the agitated words which crowded on each other with such rapidity."

"I have no place to go—she found it out—everything—to-day—and shut the door upon me. I would rather have died than gotten the names she called me—oh, Jamie!—the shame—the shame!—for she did not believe me when I said I was married. I came away in the afternoon, and I've been wandering about ever since—I scarcely can stand, and there's not a house in all the world I can go to, to get shelter, and her voice is aye ringing in my ears till I get half mad thinking about it—and me your wife!"

"But Jamie set his back against the wall, and in the fitful moonlight, I saw his face for a moment—it was the face of one provoked, bewildered, who felt all this as a personal injury, and resented it—resented it upon the principal sufferer."

"He did not speak for a full minute—a minute which must have seemed an hour to poor Sibby, as it did to me."

"Well, what do you mean to do?" he said at last.

"I do not believe Jamie was sensible of the cruelty of these words. Sybil turned away from him, and pressed both her hands on her side; but I had seen first one of these small, nervous hands clenched violently, and dashing through the air, in the bitter passion of the moment. She made no answer, unless the drooping, averted head, and low moan of utter wretchedness could be called such."

"You might have come to me through the day, or sent me warning," said Jamie, sullenly. "What can a man do at this time of night? and my landlady never heard I was married, nor Willie, nor anybody. You might have gotten a room someway near, if you had come to me in time; but what's the use of calling a man away, when he's enjoying himself, to hear such a story as this?"

In the story of 'Maud' there is less of London life than might be expected from the title, 'A City Autobiography.' The chief personages of the tale are city people, but the author takes them to the Continent, and amid scenes open to all the world as well as to those born within the sound of Bow bells. There are many phases of City life which our best novelists have left untouched, and which would afford good materials for a clever writer of fiction. We have been most pleased with those parts of the 'City Autobiography' which refer to London familiar scenes and localities. For instance, the early recollections of the house in the court off Cheapside, and of the old meeting-house where the family worshipped, are less commonplace than the livelier scenes of later parts of the story:—

"Nothing could well be more gloomy than the exterior of our house; forming two sides of the court, its front faced the street, and commanded the extensive prospect of a line of tall houses a few yards removed, with a strip of sky above, only to be discerned from upper windows. There was a small window, iron-barred, on one side of the door, suggestive to me of dungeons and subterranean flights, upon which I looked with satisfaction, as a great help to my fancy. 'Any one might think it a dungeon,' I said to myself; 'no doubt it was once.' Its present degradation into a cellar was a fact I ignored as far as possible. It suited me just then especially to look upon the house as a sort of prison altogether, and I was vexed that the gas-lights in the niches of the staircase should throw a mocking brilliancy upon my gloomy mood. I hurried up the wide well-staircase, rising in towering circles to the fourth story; only pausing for a moment on the first floor to cast a look of mingled regret and indignation at the two closed doors at each side of the sturdy pillar. These led away into lofty rooms with carved ceilings and decorated mouldings; their

desecration into ware-rooms was a personal injury I was not yet able to forgive. The second floor reached, I passed down an arched passage into the breakfast parlour, the door of which stood open. It was a small cosy room, one side of which was panelled into a double row of closets, filled by my careful mother with various stores."

"The Sabbath, with its hours of rest from lessons, with its still atmosphere of dreamy calm, offered to me temptations to which I had yielded as long as I can recollect. As we passed along the quiet city streets, the soft Sabbath air breathed upon me like a spell. In the large dreary chapel, with nothing ecclesiastical about it, my faculties of ideality and veneration suffered a weekly outrage. I was ignorant of the reason of that unpretending exterior. I did not then know how far back that old chapel dated; that a persecuted flock in Puritan times had been compelled to conceal the spot where they worshipped their Maker; that John Howe had consecrated that quaint pulpit by his saintly presence; I should have then regarded it, child as I was, with earnest reverence. We took our seats in a distant side pew; an intercepting pillar rose between me and our old minister; a stream of sunshine from the gallery made me droop my eyelids; all was still as death, save one voice, that came upon my ear like a musical lull. I dreamed away those sacred hours in such a far-off abstracted world, that nothing but the sudden rising of the congregation startled me awake. Then I walked down the aisle, feeling guilty and ashamed; I made vows of penitent reformation, which next Sunday always saw broken."

Of 'Alicie Wentworth' we cannot speak with much approval, though some parts are cleverly written, and the book is likely to please a certain class of readers. The motto from Byron well denotes the spirit of the book. Vice in high circles is described in a way that hides its evil nature and its bitter consequences. The heartlessness, frivolity, and vanity of a life spent in a round of gaiety and dissipation are illustrated in the tale, but the writer seems to aim more at entertaining his readers than conveying any wholesome lessons or useful warnings."

'Charles Stanly' is a less objectionable novel, but its materials consist of the conventional stock which forms the staple of ordinary works of fiction. The author is capable of handling better subjects, if we may judge by the shrewdness of remark and liveliness of spirit occasionally appearing in the course of the narrative. Thus, in the descriptions of character, there are successful attempts to give mental features as well as the mere fancy portraits of outward appearance, which present to us the Julias and Lauras, and other heroines of drawing-room romance:

"It is curious that Sir James, and Frank Tyrrell, the weak and the strong mind, alone felt her worth. In the former, it was instinct, in the latter, insight. They knew her; but to the others she was a stranger. Isabella was too superior to be popular. People know themselves better than they choose to acknowledge, and ordinary minds shun those above them. How should it be otherwise? We cannot like what we do not understand, and few could understand Isabella. Those who saw the poetry of her character, doubted her good sense; those who acknowledged her judgment, denied her imagination. It was difficult to comprehend a mind at once so simple and so deep. It was impossible to like a person who was so uncommunicative. Confidence begets confidence, and our friend's egotism induces our own. Therefore we like to hear people talk about themselves; therefore we like to hear them parade their merits and perfections; we can return in kind. Personal narrative is only annoying, when, by its length, it prevents reciprocity; if we find fault with a man for talking of himself, it is only when he leaves us no time to do the like. Of all virtues, modesty pays

least. It may be wisdom to be humble, but it is folly to appear so. Extol your merits, and half the world will believe you; deny them, and all will agree. People are mostly taken at their own valuation; always, if the estimate be low. Who would disparage himself? Is it not natural that we should overrate, rather than underrate, our powers? It is human nature; most of us, at least, feel that it is our nature; and from ourselves we judge of others. Isabella spoke little about herself, and spoke modestly; it is, therefore, no wonder that she was not popular with the multitude; that is, with those whose opinion is not worth having."

The whole of the works referred to in this notice are of the usual orthodox three-volumed form, and, we believe, of the usual circulating-library price, except 'Walter Evelyn,' which is one of Mr. Bentley's issues at a cheaper rate—an experiment not successful, it seems, with books of the class. The great sale of the cheaper books of other publishers of more recent popularity, must, however, have influence, and the number of novels appearing in the present form will gradually diminish,—a result not to be regretted, considering the materials of the majority of such works.

Turner and Girtin's Picturesque Views Sixty Years since. Edited by Thomas Miller. Hogarth.

THESE thirty plates, engraved more than half a century since, from drawings by Turner and Girtin, are hardly worth republishing in the present advanced state of the art, except for the interest attaching to them as copies of the works of the greatest landscape painters the world has produced, and the founders of our clever English school of water-colour painting. Inspired by a commendable zeal for the memory of these artists, Mr. Hogarth has procured a very beautiful series of impressions on India paper of these somewhat antiquated engravings, each with descriptive text, and bound them up into a handsome volume, with a memoir of the painters, forming a most seasonable and acceptable gift-book.

Turner and Girtin became acquainted in early life, in their occupation of print colourers, and appear to have been inseparable until the death of the latter, at the premature age of twenty-seven. Of Turner's long and eccentric life we have already given a sufficiently detailed account; of Girtin a few particulars of his brief career will be new to our readers. Thomas Girtin, born in 1773, was the son of a rope-maker of Southwark, and may have imbibed a taste for drawing from the circumstance of his mother being married a second time to a pattern-draughtsman. Meeting with some encouragement in drawing from two eminent connoisseurs, Dr. Monro and Mr. Henderson, he was induced to make copies of some of their choicest works, and, turning from these to nature, he achieved sketches in water-colour of a more artistic and perfect character than any that had been yet produced. Mr. Henderson, a gentleman of independent fortune, resided on the Adelphi-terrace, next door to Dr. Monro on one side and David Garrick on the other. He possessed some fine pictures by Canaletti, and some choice examples of the works of Piranesi.

"By the study from Piranesi's prints Girtin had acquired great vigour, and from Canaletti's drawings and pictures that lineal precision so peculiar to him. If Turner had copied Dayes to advantage, so Girtin seems to have studied Malton; and the drawings Girtin made from the latter's prints are,

perhaps, the best examples of his own future originality, for to them, as we have said above, he could only be indebted for outline and chiaroscuro: but as he has coloured them in his own unmistakable bold style, it shows that the observations on Nature he had stored in his mind were merely waiting opportunity to be developed. The best examples of these drawings are in the collection of Mr. Henderson. But he did not confine himself to landscape and architecture, for the same gentleman has a copy of Morland's 'Dogs hesitating about the Pluck' (so called from a sheep's heart, &c. being the object of their probable battle), which, while displaying Morland's subject, has Girtin's manner; so much so that it might pass for an original production.

"Their wanderings at this time—probably owing to the limited state of their funds—appear to have been chiefly confined to within a mile or two of the Adelphi, among the picturesque shores of Westminster and Lambeth; for they were picturesque sixty years ago: amongst the old houses occupied by fishermen and their families, and other old buildings, tottering and grey with age, propped and supported by ill-cut posts, pillars, and wide abutments, where overhanging gables frowned defiance at the perpendicular, while here and there a patch of bright vegetation growing in the decaying timber, or some broken bit of wall, tiled roof, or brilliant bit of thatch, newly put up, added to the rich colouring of the picturesque objects, besides sheltering the inhabitants beneath, whose children, in mimicry of their parents' occupation, were amphibiously sporting in all the enjoyment of unsophisticated nature on the muddy shores of the Thames. Or sometimes they were found among the ruins of the Savoy Palace, where the vast fragments of wall and yawning gaps gave to the beholder such glimpses of old London as will never be seen again. A study which Girtin made at this time of the Old Palace Watergate-steps, according to his own testimony, was a lesson of improvement from which he dated all the future knowledge he displayed in depicting monastic and other ruins. Here they studied as friends, each labouring for the other's approbation, free from the slightest touch of jealous rivalry; and the success which attended their labours opened an entirely new field for water-colour painting."

Girtin established at this time a most decided advance in the art of water-colour painting. An amateur artist and Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, who was about to publish some views in Scotland, engaged Girtin to travel with him, for the sake of putting effects into his sketches, and the advantage of these was beyond question.

"Up to this time, with scarcely an exception, the hues of Nature had only been intimated, not imitated, by weak washes or timid touches; for, as before stated, it was considered impossible to give anything like the effect obtained in oil to water-colour drawings. Girtin, as we have shown, thought differently; and while in Scotland he looked at Nature with his bright, unflinching, eagle-like eye; and saw how, when the sun burst out, the whole landscape was bathed in gold; and how, when it was hidden behind a cloud, the mountains were thrown into gloom and masses; he imitated these changes, making that dark, and sullen, and savage, which had hitherto in landscape painting been only touched with a little stronger shade than the overhanging sky. He flooded his valleys with a dazzling sunlight, where the golden glory streamed down uninterrupted; and where the clouds hung far away, placed bold dashes of darkness upon the distant mountains, just as he had seen them sleeping under the overhanging shadows. He stamped with sublimity what had hitherto only been timidly touched; he saw how the evening shadows deepened under the trees, and gradually formed the beds on which the descending Darkness first laid down, until her whole length slowly covered the mountain's side, and with a daring hand he drew the mantle over her repose."

Girtin has the reputation of having led a somewhat dissipated life, but his days, limited as they were, were not misspent. His biographer labours hard and generously to leave him excused.

"As a proof of Girtin's love of his art, he established a Sketching Society, which was open to talented amateurs as well as brother-artists; and for three years did this little Society of Arts meet on winter evenings to make sketches and improve one another, under the friendly eye of the founder. This alone proves that, however much Girtin might dislike spending his time in the small-talk which formed the staple of amusement at evening parties, when men were willing to meet and spend the evening in intellectual and artistical amusement he at once proposed that they should assemble as a sketching society; and one who was a frequent visitor says, 'No little coterie could be more respectable.'"

"The plan that Girtin proposed, and which was carried out, was, that on alternate occasions they should meet at each other's apartments, and at every meeting make a sketch or drawing in colour or chiaroscuro from the same passage, which, before they commenced, was selected from one of the English poets. Each member, at whose house the parties met, supplied in turn the paper, ready mounted on small strainers, together with colours and pencils, and all the designs made during the evening were his property. They had tea or coffee when they first met, at six o'clock; over which they read and talked about the subject selected; after this they worked until ten, when a cold supper was set out, and at twelve they separated. Many of these 'impromptu productions' were gems, and were greatly admired. Turner never once joined them: he had no objection to meet Girtin alone, but he seems even then to have thought one of his sketches too great a price to pay for a supper, and not to have cared for the society of talented men. And so these meetings continued until Girtin's health required that he should seek a change of climate.

"Girtin was of a kind and friendly disposition, and ready to communicate whatever he had discovered in his practice to those who sought his assistance. He was naturally free, and occasionally associated with persons little qualified to improve his manners; for he had a shyness which made him shun rather than seek the acquaintance of the polite and well-bred world. When travelling to the north, he would take his passage in a collier; and his delight was to live in intercourse with the crew, eating salt beef, smoking, and exchanging jokes. When on shore in search of the picturesque he entered the inn-kitchen for refreshment, as Hogarth had done before him; and from the motley group of wayfarers sketched what struck his fancy, and in the midst of them enjoyed himself for the time without sacrificing his love of independence; and thus stored up scenes and characters for his works, from the out-door and in-door world. This fidelity to nature caused one of his contemporaries to say, 'He that would sketch like Girtin must be content to study like Girtin.' He also asserts that 'Girtin's admirers tolerated a defect in his drawings, which proves how much allowance the liberal connoisseur will make for the sake of genius. The paper which he most used was only to be had of a stationer at Charing-cross; this was cartridge, with slight wire-marks, and folded like foolscap or post. It commonly happened that the part which had been folded, when put on the stretching-frame, would sink into spots in a line entirely across the centre of the sky. This unsightly accident was not only overlooked, but in some instances really admired, inasmuch that it was taken for a sign of originality; and in the transfer of his drawings from one collector to another bore a premium according to that indubitable mark.'"

"Nor must it be forgotten, while speaking of this great artist's homely and social habits, that only a few years before, and even in his day, the first men of the age held their meetings at taverns;—that Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, and

Beaucklerk, used to assemble in the first-floor room at the Turk's Head Tavern, in Gerrard-street: while on the ground-floor of the same house might be found Hogarth, Reynolds, Wilson, Romney, and others; and amongst them such eminent engravers as Woollett, Strange, Vivares, Brown, and Bazire; and that the upper room was constantly exchanging visits with the lower, and *vice versa*.

"Even grave family-men, in these social times, mostly passed their evenings at the tavern, and sometimes prolonged their sittings to the hour indicated on the dial of Hogarth's inimitable picture, 'Modern Midnight Conversation;' for those who had neither imagination nor wit could sit comfortably intrenched behind their pipes, and smoke and nod, and smile at the lively sallies of their more enlightened friends and neighbours. The pipe, the punch-bowl, and late hours, begat a disposition for mirth; and the morning tale, borne by the lounging amateur from one painter's studio to another, was generally interlarded with the wit and frolic of the over-night. No marvel that Honest Tom Girtin, with his kind good heart and easy nature, was often one of the last to say 'go,' these merry meetings sixty years since."

The biographer speaks rather too favourably of Girtin and too disparagingly of Turner. The following comparative estimate of the two men is hardly just.

"Girtin lived beloved by all who knew him, and died lamented by his friends and admirers. Turner was beloved by no one; and, excepting for his genius, he died unlamented, and without a friend: for his surly habits and suspicious nature were inimical to friendship. Girtin's house, like his heart, was open to all. Turner seldom allowed a human footstep to cross his threshold, nor cared to open his door to a visitor, unless to enjoy the triumph of refusing the object of his mission. Girtin was warm-hearted, liberal, and generous as the sun, that scatters its gold on the good and on the evil. Turner was cold and selfish, and would not have given a brother-artist a shilling to have saved him from starvation; while living he never gave cause for a human heart, from its full utterance, to exclaim, 'God bless him!' He had not a loveable atom in his nature—not a redeeming point in him worthy to be placed beside even the faults of Honest Tom Girtin, whose very failings 'leaned to virtue's side.' But for his genius, Turner would have lived in the world unnoticed, unvisited, and died unpitied. The very men who were instrumental in spreading his fame a million-fold, by whom he made his wealth—the engravers—he mentions not in his will. They, like the water-colour painters, came not under the head of the 'Decayed Artists,' whom, while living, he neither mingled with, noticed, nor assisted. Peace to his names! There might be hidden within his heart of hearts, kinder, purer, and better motives than we blinded mortals are permitted to discover. In Christian charity we trust there were, and that for these he has received his reward; and that a measure of happiness is meted out to him a thousand times more bountiful than that which, while living, he meted out to his fellow-men."

Girtin had a brother a writing engraver, who kept many of his drawings, and published engravings of them. A beautiful series, purchased by the Earl of Essex, and now in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, were etched in aquatinta, and issued in this way. Three years after the death of Girtin, his brother's house and stock were destroyed by fire, and many of his best works were lost. Engravings of his views of Paris, owing to this calamity, which proved fatal to the wife of the engraver, are said to have become so scarce, that the British Museum does not possess a copy. As a memorial of the two great painters, but more especially of Girtin, Mr. Hogarth's volume is an interesting and valuable, but hardly an impartial, record.

A Memoir of Richard Williams, Surgeon and Catechist to the Patagonian Mission in Tierra del Fuego. By James Hamilton, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

THE disastrous fate of the mission to Tierra del Fuego, in 1851, will be fresh in the memory of many readers. We have no wish to recal the misfortunes of that expedition. Of the alleged blunders and mismanagement which led to the tragic result, much was said at the time by those who knew not the whole circumstances of the case, and who little appreciated the motives which led to the undertaking. It was no impulse of injudicious piety or of maudlin philanthropy that led to the formation of the Patagonian Missionary Association. The condition of the natives of these regions had attracted much of the notice of British naval officers on the station; and it was at their suggestion, backed by the representations of merchants in South America and Liverpool, that the expedition was planned. Ample details as to the origin of the mission, with notices of Captain Gardiner, a brave and good man, and those under his command, will be found in the 'Narrative of Missionary Effort in South America,' by the Rev. G. Pakenham Despard, Honorary Secretary of the Society. The funds at the disposal of the directors were very inadequate, and the chief fault lay in dispatching an expedition too scantily equipped for the arduous enterprise. But whatever causes of regret there may be for the past, the design rests on principles too sound to admit of any controversy with those who acknowledge the claims of Christian missions at all:—

"With the precedents of New Zealand and the South Sea Isles, there is nothing in the treachery, the barbarism, nor even in the cannibalism of these Araucanians, to make a Christian philanthropist despair; whilst, in their position as a possible inlet to the vast Indian populations of the mainland, there is a powerful inducement to early and untiring effort. Nor should we omit a subordinate and selfish reason for attempting to evangelise these islanders and their Patagonian neighbours. Within the last five years the Straits of Magellan and the ocean highway round Cape Horn have been traversed by an unprecedented amount of shipping; and, as long as this continues the main route to San Francisco, the traffic through these seas is likely to increase. In such a dangerous navigation we need not say what casualties are likely to occur; but woe betide the ship's company which is thrown into the hands of these savages! Last winter the ship *Porcupine*, of Liverpool, was passing through the Straits of Magellan on her way to California, when she grounded. Next morning she was surrounded by numerous canoes, full of natives, carrying lighted pine-branches, who endeavoured to set the ship on fire; and it was not till after a desperate conflict, in which two emigrants were killed and others severely wounded, that the assailants were repulsed, and the disabled vessel was floated off and worked back to the Falklands. And it is only five or six years ago when the captain and crew of the brig *Avon* were murdered by the same barbarians, and two English gentlemen whom they had inveigled ashore were carried off and put to death, and their bodies, it is believed, were devoured. Similar casualties are too certain to recur; and even although the governments of England and America should send war-steamer to the station, they cannot be ubiquitous; and, on the coercive system, nothing short of an extirpation of the wretched natives can secure the castaway from the knife of the cannibal. How much better—how much more worthy of a Christian country, and how much cheaper—to reclaim and civilize them! This the missionary, with God's blessing, alone can accomplish; but the same agency which, all through the Southern Archipelago, has secured for the merchant

and whaler depots of provisions and refitting stations, and the assistance of clever mechanics, where formerly the war-club was his only welcome,—this agency may soon stud with gardens and farms and industrious villages these inhospitable shores. The church-going bell may awaken these silent forests; and, round its cheerful hearth and kind teachers, the Sunday-school may assemble the now joyless children of Navarin Island. The mariner may run his battered ship into Lennox Harbour, and leave her to the care of Fuegian caulkers and carpenters; and after rambling through the streets of a thriving seaport town, he may turn aside to read the papers in the Gardiner Institution, or may step in to the week-evening service in the Richard Williams Chapel. When that day arrives, a grateful population will survey Cook's River and Pioneer Cove, if not with emotions as sacred as those with which our Old-World pilgrims visit St. Paul's Bay in Malta, and the Grotto in Patmos, at least with feelings as tender as the Christian Briton has often confessed on the rocks of Lindisfarne, and among the ruins of Iona."

Ridicule has been justly cast on those who lavish all their sympathy on 'perishing heathen' abroad, while they feel no concern for the misery and vice that abounds at home. But we have as little sympathy with those who decry and discourage missionary efforts even in regions the most remote and unpromising. The divine command is plain and explicit,—to go and preach the gospel to all nations. Had the early Christians reasoned as some do now, our own land would never have been visited by the light of sacred and civilizing truth. Patagonia is not more barbarous and wild a country, at this time, than Britain was in the days of the Cæsars. Our island was spoken of as beyond the verge of civilized life, 'toto divisos orbe Britannos,' and the Roman poet described its people as 'hospitibus feros.' What Christianity has done for Britain it can do for other lands, and such transformation Dr. Hamilton happily describes in contrasting the state of the savage Fuegians with that of our British forefathers:—

"Sir James Mackintosh was born in a northern latitude exactly corresponding to Cape Horn in the south, and his ancestors lived in a hut without window or chimney, with a fire in the centre of the floor, with a pile of mussel-shells at the threshold, and with smoked fish and deer's flesh hanging from the rafters; and when they wished to cross an arm of the sea, they waited for a day of calm weather which would not endanger their wicker coracle. The ancestors of Davy and Newton lived in forests almost as sombre as the beech-woods of NARBOROUGH'S LAND. They wore cloaks of bull or badger's skin, like the otter or guanaco robes of Navarin Island; and they anointed their persons, and pipelayed their faces, in a truly Fuegian fashion. The ancestors of Wesley and Wilberforce worshipped a devil, and were glad to propitiate his wrath by flinging their infants into the fire. But Christianity has wrought for Britain the best of miracles. If it has not brightened the skies and converted these islands into new Hesperides; it has shed a balm into the moral atmosphere, and it has transformed the population. It has made us, as a people, honest, hard-working, and humane. It has made a future existence a familiar idea, and it has made the Most High a not unfamiliar presence. It has given us taste, aspirations, and affections, which a nation of atheists or pagans can never know. And whilst all this has been effected with only a small per-centage of practical religionists in our population, and, we may add, with only a small per-centage of Bible Christianity in our practical religion, it has done enough to teach us that the only thing needed to make any land 'a delightful land,' is the gospel in ascendancy."

Richard Williams, then practising as a surgeon at Burslem, volunteered to join the

expedition about to sail under Captain Gardiner. He was a man of sincere piety, earnest zeal, and great intellectual as well as physical energy. Dr. Hamilton's Memoir gives an interesting account of his past life and occupations, and the narrative of the expedition contains many extracts from his letters and diary. There was enthusiasm in his character, but chastened in him by strong sense and deep piety. The successful pioneers in all great works are more or less enthusiasts. In the peculiar work to which missionaries are called, the same spirit which prompts othermen to unwonted effort in secular affairs, is kindled and sustained by motives suited to the trials to be borne and the triumphs to be achieved. Even where present results are not seen, the noble labours of Christian evangelists are not in vain. The mournful deaths of the proto-martyrs in a barbarous country often become bright and memorable dates in its historic annals. Such we trust may be the case with the names of Allen Gardiner and Richard Williams among the people they sought to civilize.

In one of his chapters, Dr. Hamilton gives an interesting account of the natural history of the Fuegian Archipelago, with notices of the observations of Joseph Hooker, Darwin, Fitzroy, and other recent explorers. Of the marine flora and fauna, we quote part of the lively description:—

"With its colossal sea-weeds, Fuegia might well be the paradise of fishes. To say nothing of many beautiful varieties which are dredged up from the rocks or washed ashore by the tides, these coasts are the head-quarters of the Lessonia and Macro-cystis, the two giants of the ocean Flora. The former is an arborescent sea-weed, with a trunk of concentric layer, so timber-like, that Dr. Hooker mentions a captain who employed a boat's crew two days collecting the incombustible stems for fuel. The Macro-cystis, instead of a trunk as thick as an ordinary cherry-tree, is moored to the rock by a tough but slender cable, which, rising to the surface, breaks into leaves, and then streams along a luxuriant tangle for several hundred feet. The Victoria water-lily requires a tank and hot-house for its special accommodation; but a prime Macro-cystis would need a tank a hundred feet deep, and as long as Westminster Abbey. In general, however, its cable is only a few fathoms long, and as its streamers wave over every inundated rock, it is at once the buoy and the breakwater of these dangerous channels. The 'moored kelp' warns the mariner of a sunken rock, and if in stormy weather his little vessel can only get to leeward of its floating acres, he may set the wildest sea at defiance. In this way has Providence not only supplied the means of safety in the very midst of danger, but, by the same arrangement, he has prepared a source of subsistence for this land of famine. These gigantic sea weeds are the home and the pasture-field of countless mollusks and crustaceans. The leaves are crowded with shell-fish. The stems are so encrusted with corallines, as to be of a white colour. And 'on shaking the great entangled roots, a pile of small fish, shells, cuttle-fish, crabs of all orders, sea-eggs, star-fish, and crawling nereidic animals of a multitude of forms, all fall out together.' To such a well-stored larder it is not wonderful that shoals of fishes should resort, forsaking for it brighter but less bountiful waters; and in the wake of these fishes come armies of seals and clouds of sea-fowl. Among the latter are shags, petrels, ducks, red-bills, sea-pigeons, geese, steamer-ducks, and penguins. Of these many species have their breeding-places on the cliffs of the desolate islands. With their black coats and yellow waistcoats, the substantial and yeoman-like penguins take up their abode on the grassy flats; and in the month of January, that is to say, at their midsummer, a braying quack may constantly be heard from morning to evening, inviting to dainty morsels their

fat and solemn fledglings,—a dinner-bell which is never silent in the populous 'penguinery.' Not improbably with sinister designs on the infant penguins, the sea-lion is fond of a walk among the tufts of tussac, and, along with the sea-otter and the porpoise, this tyrant of the Southern Ocean is the great terror of the larger fishes. Predaceous as are the habits of so many of these creatures, it is interesting to contemplate the skill and profusion with which a sea so unpromising is peopled. All are ultimately dependent on a seemingly worthless sea-weed. That fucus cherishes the worms and polypes, the crabs and corallines, which feed the fishes; and these, in their turn, sustain legions of cormorants and penguins, of seals and porpoises, as well as the less dexterous human fishers on the shore: so that Mr. Darwin is probably correct in his surmise, that the felling of a tropical forest would not be so fatal to animal existence as the destruction of this gigantic 'kelp.'"

From the few extracts which we have given, it will be seen that Dr. Hamilton's book contains matter attractive to the general reader, as well as to those who feel interest in Christian missions. In the hands of a less judicious and accomplished author there might have been found difficulty in treating skilfully a somewhat unpromising subject. But, as it is here written, the 'Memoir of Richard Williams' is a most instructive and interesting piece of biography.

NOTICES.

The History of the Christian Church to the Pontificate of Gregory the Great, A.D. 590. By James Craigie Robertson, M.A. Murray.

Of the leading facts of the ecclesiastical history of the first six centuries of the Christian era, this volume presents an admirable summary. With the best and most recent works on the subject the author shows himself familiar, and as he has been diligent in examining, he is also honest and accurate in citing his authorities, a testimony which we are sorry to say we cannot always bear to writers on church history. In no department of literature does the prejudice of passion and the zeal of party lead to more incorrectness of statement, and even at times inaccuracy of quotation. We find Mr. Robertson's book candid in its spirit and careful in its matter, nor is there any bias in his representations of church doctrine or polity, more than might be expected from his education and position as an Anglican clergyman. A glance at the varied list of authorities cited in the foot-notes of every page is sufficient to show that no ecclesiastical party has been blindly followed. We miss, however, references to some writers who have specially directed their attention to particular points occurring in the course of the narrative. On the corruptions of the church, and on the tenets of alleged schismatics, opposed to the Catholic party, some of the facts adduced in Isaac Taylor's 'Ancient Christianity,' and similar works, might have added to the completeness and impartiality of Mr. Robertson's narrative. But on the whole the work is an ably written compendium of early church history, presenting an unusual amount of accurate information, within a reasonable compass and in a readable style. It is a book adapted for general readers as well as for students in theology, and the frequent references will direct to the best sources of additional information on particular subjects.

The Parables of Frederic Adolphus Krummacher.

Translated from the Seventh German Edition.

With Forty Illustrations. N. Cooke.

It is now nearly fifty years since Krummacher published his charming and excellent juvenile tales or parables. Since that time his name has spread far and wide in all Protestant countries as a distinguished theologian, and the author of many works of unusual popularity. But his earliest book is as good and likely to be as useful as any of the later publications of greater research and more formal plan. It is a book which will improve the heart while it educates the mind of the young.

The Land of the Forum and the Vatican; or, Thoughts and Sketches during an Eastern Pilgrimage to Rome. By Newman Hall, B.A. Nisbet and Co.

THE pilgrimage of Mr. Hall was over well-beaten ground, and his book relates to what has been a hundred times before described. But, as he apologizes and justly remarks, "though the scenes are the same, the observers vary." In Mr. Hall's observations the religious aspect of the countries visited forms a prominent part. But he is also an intelligent and enthusiastic admirer of whatever in history, art, or nature, has rendered Italy attractive to travellers. Of the scenery, antiquities, and the various wonders of the country, he gives fresh and lively descriptions. Few tourists have in the course of less than three months seen more, and to better purpose. A mind previously well stored with information, and imbued with the spirit both of the classic and historic associations of the place, could alone have observed so wisely, and described so well, the leading objects of interest in "the eternal city." Of the ceremonies of the Holy Week an animated account is given, with remarks on the general tenets and rites of Romanism. Throughout the volume the author has many digressions on subjects suggested by scenes or localities visited. Thus, in the account of the Palazzo Vecchio, at Florence, is introduced a sketch of the life and works of the patriot and martyr Savonarola; and the sight of Lely's original portrait of Oliver Cromwell in the Pitti gallery suggests an eulogy of the Protestant Protector's heroic character. The extracts from the diary of Mr. Hall's amiable and accomplished companion in his pilgrimage add to the interest of the volume. The only fault we find with the book is that religious reflections are sometimes dragged in rather formally. The tone of the whole book is quite what its author in the preface refers to as 'treating of secular themes in a religious spirit,' without the elaborate moral or spiritual comments appended to notices of ordinary scenes.

The Complete Works, Poetry and Prose, of the Rev.

Edward Young, LL.D. Revised and Collated with the Earliest Editions, with a Life of the Author. By John Doran, LL.D. With Illustrations and Portrait. 2 vols. Tegg and Co.

THE first volume of this edition of Dr. Young's works we noticed with commendation at the time of its appearance ('L. G.' 1852, p. 355). With the life by Dr. Doran we are much pleased. It is well written, and it really gives some intelligible account of the life, character, and fortunes of Young, which we defy any one to obtain from the strange performance of Herbert Croft, adopted by Dr. Johnson in his 'Lives of the Poets.' The biography of the author of the 'Night Thoughts' is a somewhat humiliating record. At the very time that he was writing in strains the most solemn on the vanity of earthly pursuits, his biographer truly describes him as "a poet ever seeking a patron, a pensioner looking out for increase of income, and a clergyman sharply inquiring for preferment." He wrote an abject letter to Mrs. Howard, the king's mistress, begging her influence in his behalf for some crown living. Such sycophancy on the part even of good men was not rare in those times, but we are afraid that the pleasure and profit to be derived from Young's writings will be lessened to those who know most of their author's personal history. Against his moral respectability calumny never brought any charge, but the estimate of his character by the shrewd and vigorous Cecil is tolerably correct. "Young is, of all men, one of the most striking examples of the sad disunion of Piety from Truth. If we read his most true, impassioned, and impressive estimate of the world and of religion, we shall think it impossible that he was uninfluenced by his subject. It is, however, a melancholy fact that he was hunting after preferment at eighty years old, and felt and spoke like a disappointed man." The book is from the printing-press of James Nichols, who also ably performs the duty of editor. Notwithstanding the ingenious reasoning of Mr. Nichols, we greatly doubt the propriety of republishing from the oldest editions passages which the author, by deliberate

omission, must be held to have renounced and suppressed. They ought, at least, to have been always given in footnotes separate from the text. The illustrative notes by the editor are useful, and in a very proper spirit. It is a complete and beautiful edition of Dr. Young's works.

Handbook of Inorganic Analysis. By Friedrich Wöhler, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Göttingen. Edited by A. W. Hoffman, F.R.S. Walton and Maberly.

THIS little volume consists of a collection of examples for practice in chemical analysis of inorganic substances. A book of the kind has been hitherto a desideratum in this country, which Professor Wöhler's manual is well fitted to supply. Dr. Hoffman, of the London College of Chemistry, translator of the volume, has already introduced it in his practical laboratory. The original is closely followed, the only change being in substitution of hydrogen equivalents for the oxygen scale used in the German work, and the representation of the formulæ in the symbols usually employed in English books on chemistry. There are about a hundred and twenty examples. The processes are very clearly described, and the theory of what is done is explained. Besides the knowledge of merely scientific details as to mineral substances, many of the examples have direct practical importance in matters of commerce, trade, agriculture, and medical jurisprudence.

The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne. By the Rev. Gilbert White, A.M. Edited, with Notes, by Sir William Jardine, Bart., F.R.S.E. Illustrated. Nathaniel Cooke.

OF the many editions of that charming book, White's 'Selborne,' this illustrated copy, edited by Sir William Jardine, will be one of the most popular. The notes by a naturalist of so great distinction, and the illustrations, about seventy in number, from sketches taken expressly for this work, add much to the value of the edition. Its cheapness will ensure its circulation among many new readers, and the influence of a book will be extended, which has already done much for inspiring a taste for natural history, and leading to an intelligent observation of natural phenomena. Professor Thomas Bell is now the proprietor of Gilbert White's house at Selborne, and is understood to be engaged in preparing an edition of the letters, which cannot fail to have great scientific value. To this Sir William Jardine gracefully refers, but for popular use his own edition in the 'Illustrated Library' will not be soon superseded.

Homes of American Statesmen, with Anecdotal, Personal, and Descriptive Sketches. By Various Writers. With Engravings. New York: G. P. Putnam and Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

THIS is a worthy companion volume to the 'Homes of American Authors,' already issued by the same publishers. The list of names in both the works may well cause just pride to Americans, while full of interest for English readers also. There are memoirs of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hancock, John Adams, Patrick Henry, Madison, Jay, Hamilton, Marshall, Ames, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Rufus King, Clay, Calhoun, Clinton, Story, Wheaton. We give all the names, as scarcely any are not familiar as household words on both sides of the Atlantic. The biographical sketches are by some of the best occasional writers of the day. There are numerous engravings on wood, some of them from daguerreotypes, and the frontispiece consists of an original sun-picture of President Hancock's house, which is inserted in each copy of the book. There are about fifty illustrations, most of them of scenes of historical as well as biographical interest. Fac-similes of letters add to the value of the work as a memorial of American statesmen.

Nineveh: a Review of its Ancient History and Modern Explorers. By R. G. Pote, Esq. Illustrated. Clarke, Beeton, and Co.

MR. POTE presents in this volume a connected and concise statement of the chief points of importance recorded in history about Nineveh, and of those brought to light by recent discovery. In the his-

torical narrative many facts are collected, but there is little attempt to separate tradition from trustworthy record,—a task requiring greater labour and learning than could be expected from the author of this popular summary. In the account of the researches of Layard, Botta, Rawlinson, and other travellers and explorers, judicious and interesting selections from their works are made, and connected by a narrative and commentary. Mr. Pote's own style is somewhat inflated, and occasionally obscure, but he seems sufficiently versed in the subject, and communicates to his readers much information in a condensed form. The work contains illustrations representing the chief monuments discovered by the Assyrian explorers, and now deposited in the museums of London and Paris.

John; or, is a Cousin in the Hand worth Two Counts in the Bush? By Emilie Carlen. 2 vols. Bentley.

THIS tale is in Miss Carlen's usual style, lively and entertaining, but there is not very much to interest in the pretty little romantic heroine, who will insist on transforming plain Cousin John the 'hat dresser' into a Scanian Count. The descriptions of Swedish life and manners will please English readers, and give an air of novelty even to the ordinary incidents of the story. The translation is by the same editor to whom we are indebted for 'The Birthright,' 'The Sicilian Vespers,' and others of Miss Carlen's Swedish stories.

A History of China to the Present Time; including an Account of the Rise and Progress of the Present Religious Insurrection in that Empire. Bentley.

THIS is the best popular account that has yet been written of the history, institutions, and resources of China. All the leading facts of the past annals of the empire are clearly narrated, and a variety of useful matter is collected from the best sources of information. Of the more recent history of China, including the British war, and the present insurrection, a lively and spirited account is given. The book is written well, and contains able and interesting descriptions of the country and its people.

SUMMARY.

THE first volume of the cheap reprint of Mr. Samuel Warren's works, contains the whole of *The Diary of a late Physician* (Blackwood and Sons), which has been appearing during the past year in monthly parts. A preface by the author is prefixed, containing justifiable self-congratulation on the success of the work, which has passed through many editions, and been translated into various languages, the last being the Böhmisch or Bohemian. The design of the 'Diary,' and the good services it has conferred, socially and morally, are in becoming terms referred to. The author mentions one thing as giving him peculiar satisfaction,—that his book has "awakened society to a sense of its incalculable obligations to medical men. The amount of misery and suffering which they alleviate, cheerfully and patiently, often altogether gratuitously, and too frequently with ill-requital, nay, cruel ingratitude, can be appreciated by him only who has moved among them as one of themselves." He promises, if he finds leisure, as a further discharge of the debt which Bacon says every man owes to his profession, a memorial of the late illustrious surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper. To the present edition of 'The Diary of a late Physician' is prefixed the preface to the fifth edition, containing comments on some of the early reviews of the work, and frequent foot-notes are introduced. We notice in one of these a characteristic example of the clever carelessness of the author. To the charge of a critic, that a thought was borrowed from 'Lalla Rookh,' Mr. Warren says, "I never read 'Lalla Rookh' in my life," an odd admission from a literary man, and the more so when we find a passage from 'Lalla Rookh' quoted on a subsequent page. The charge of plagiarism is trifling, but Mr. Warren's remark about never seeing the book was at the time no answer, as a passage may be read as a

quotation, or an idea otherwise conveyed than by direct perusal. We say this as a general observation on borrowing ideas, not with special reference to Mr. Warren's remarks. Of 'The Diary of a late Physician,' the earliest and best of Mr. Warren's works, this edition will reach many new circles of delighted readers.

In 'Reading for Travellers,' an account of *Sir Philip Sidney and the Arcadia* (Chapman and Hall), by James Crossley, Esq., an enthusiastic but intelligent admirer of the writings as well as of the personal character of that 'mirror of English chivalry,' an analysis is given of the *Arcadia*, with extracts, and a general criticism. In a recent number of Murray's 'Railway Reading' was a reprint of the *History of the Guillotine*, by the Right Hon. J. W. Croker, revised from the 'Quarterly Review.'

A little book of poetry, *Summer Sketches, and other Poems*, by Bessie Rayner Parker, contains some pieces marked by liveliness of thought and geniality of feeling.

Reprinted from the 'Lancet,' the *Clinical Lectures on Consumption*, by Theophilus Thompson, M.D., F.R.S., Physician to the Consumption Hospital (Churchill), are published in a volume, with additional observations and modifications, the results of the author's latest experience and research. Many important treatises on Phthisis Pulmonalis have been recently published, but that of Dr. Thompson is, of all, the best on the diagnosis of the disease, and on some points of the practical treatment. The attempt to simplify the arrangement of stethoscopic symptoms, and to improve their nomenclature, deserves the consideration of medical men, as the result of the study of a physician of much knowledge and experience in a sphere very favourable for observation.

A *Complete French Class-Book*, or grammatical and idiomatic French Manual, with progressive illustrations and exercises, and conversational lessons, by Alfred Hanet, Master in the Glasgow Athenæum (Dulau and Co.), is a very comprehensive and practical treatise on grammar, and collateral departments of study in the French language. The conversational lessons are arranged in a manner somewhat novel, and seem well adapted to promote an intelligent use of the language rather than the acquisition by rote of phrases, such as is often alone attempted by the use of such manuals. It is a carefully-prepared book, and one well fitted for educational use. In Arnold's 'School Classics,' the *Iphigenia in Tauris* of Euripides (Rivingtons), with the introduction and notes of F. G. Schöne, is translated by the Rev. Henry Browne, M.A.

Among minor American books recently received is a *Pen and Ink Panorama of New York City*, by Cornelius Matthews (J. Slaytor, New York), a lively and entertaining series of sketches of some of the most striking scenes and localities of the great city of the new world.

RETROSPECT OF THE PAST YEAR.

THE literary productions of 1853 have been more numerous, and, perhaps, more important, than for some years past. Several historical and historico-biographical works of interest have appeared, and we have had an abundant and valuable crop of books of travel. Few novels have been published of substantial merit, and there is little to note of original poetry; but good poets are scarce, and to find even one new one of mark is a matter for congratulation. First in the order of time, as well as in pretension, we find Sir Archibald Alison's 'History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon, in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852.' Two volumes have appeared, and they have had a very large and profitable circulation, but they have not added to the reputation of the historian. His faculty for the narration of events is very great, but immediately that he begins to generalize with anything like philosophic zeal, he stumbles, and his work has, on the whole, been a disappointment. We have had another instalment of 'Grenville Papers,' and some stray papers have

appeared in the form of 'Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George the Third,' under the equivocal authorship of the Duke of Buckingham, but little more has been elicited from them than interesting political gossip. The secret of the authorship of Junius, which, it was rumoured, would be revealed, has not been revealed, and critics have only been moved to further scribbling in vain. Of works of more sterling historical and political interest, we may quote 'Lives and Letters of the Devereux, Earls of Essex,' by the Hon. Captain Walter Devereux; 'The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration,' by Earl Grey; 'Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox,' edited by Lord John Russell; and 'A Memoir of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth,' by the author of 'Hoche-laga.' Of works of established repute in classical history in course of publication, a volume has been added to Colonel Mure's 'Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece,' and to Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece.' We may notice here, too, that a remarkable contribution has this year been made to classical literature by M. Tricoupi, in his 'History of the Greek Revolution,' printed in the existing Hellenic language. Lord Londonderry has completed his publication of the 'Correspondence, Despatches, and other Papers of Viscount Castlereagh,' and Miss Strickland has added a volume to her 'Lives of the Queens of Scotland.' Professor Browne has produced a good 'History of Roman Classical Literature,' but not without some careless inaccuracies. Perhaps the best educational work on this subject has been Mr. Merivale's 'Fall of the Roman Republic: a Short History of the Last Century of the Commonwealth.' Here, also, Mr. Finlay's 'History of the Byzantine Empire' deserves honourable mention. In July, a long-promised work of modern documentary and historical interest appeared in Mr. Forsyth's 'History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena,' and it had to be regretted that the wrongs of Sir Hudson Lowe had so long remained unredressed. The discussion of the India Question in the early part of the year drew forth several useful and important publications on the subject by Mr. Kaye, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Prinsep, Mr. St. John, and others, and the war in Burmah suggested the compilation of an admirable volume by Captain Robertson on the 'Political Incidents of the First Burmese War.' Both these subjects have now given place to another Eastern Question nearer home. None, however, having as yet appeared of exclusive political interest, we shall more particularly refer to them among books of Travel. Of light historical literature we have had a 'History of Scotland from the Revolution to the last Jacobite Insurrection,' by Mr. Burton, and 'Memoirs of Mary, the young Duchess of Burgundy, and her Contemporaries,' by Miss Costello. Lastly, we may notice, under this head, 'The Private Journal of F. S. Larpen, Esq., Judge-Advocate-General of the British Forces in the Peninsula,' as containing some interesting anecdotes of Wellington; and the Macaulay Speeches, which have not appeared without a degree of excitement that must reflect a little uneasily on the head of the historian.

Of works of biographical interest the most remarkable has been the 'Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter.' Never were the workings of a diseased but clever mind represented in more striking colours. The autobiography of the Governor of the House of Correction, in his work, entitled 'Peace, War, and Adventure,' presents us with a most strange career of a fitful and energetic temperament, honourable to a fault; and we have another narrative of stirring vicissitude and humour, in the 'Autobiography of an English Soldier in the United States Army.' Of Wellington many interesting particulars have been given in Maurel's 'Duke of Wellington: his Character, his Actions, and his Writings,' and in Baron Muffling's 'Passages from my Life, together with the Campaigns of 1813 and 1814,' and, as bearing on this subject, we may mention 'The Journals and Correspondence of General Sir Harry Calvert,

Bart., comprising the Campaigns in Flanders and Holland,' edited by his son, Sir Harry Verney. Of more immediate personal biography, we have had interesting contributions in the 'Memoirs and Correspondence of Bishop Bathurst,' by his daughter, Mrs. Thistlethwaite and in Mr. Medway's 'Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Dr. John Pye Smith.' A 'Memoir of John Abernethy, with a view of his Lectures, Writings, and Character,' though not wanting in matter of interest, has been less satisfactory. 'The Remains of Dr. Samuel Sullivan' have afforded an interesting literary biography; and we may refer with pleasure to the publication of the Rev. John Mitford's 'Correspondence of Gray and Mason.' A 'Life and Times of Madame de Staël,' from the pen of Maria Norris, has been received with favour, and an extremely interesting autobiography has appeared under the title of 'The Thistle and the Cedar of Lebanon,' by a naturalized member of the Turkish Embassy, Habeeb Risk Allah Effendi. Four volumes have been added during the year to Lord John Russell's 'Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore,' a volume of Coleridge's 'Notes, Theological, Poetical, and Miscellaneous,' edited by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge; and Walter Savage Landor, at the age of fourscore, has bid adieu to the literary world, in a volume of much feeling and classical and historical taste, entitled 'The Last Fruit off an Old Tree.'

By far the largest proportion of books of Travel produced during the year relate to countries lying eastward. The bold expedition of three English gentlemen in a pair-oared cutter, from Lambeth across the Channel to the Black Sea, furnished matter for an amusing volume, 'The Water Lily on the Danube,' and the wedded couple who rode to Constantinople to spend their honeymoon have continued the narrative of their happy wanderings in a pleasant little journal entitled 'Stamboul, or the Sea of Gems.' Approaching more hallowed ground, we have had to welcome an interesting volume on Cilicia, by Mr. William Burckhardt Barker, called 'Lares and Penates,' while Colonel Churchill has given us an account of his 'Ten Years' Residence at Mount Lebanon,' and a British Resident of twenty years in the regions of the Lower Danube has published his experience in a work of especial interest at this time, 'The Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk.' A spirited voyage down the Volga by Major Oliphant, furnishes incidents of much political interest, in his 'Russian Shores of the Black Sea,' the Turkish territories in Asia Minor are described by the author of 'The Frontier Lands' in a subsequent work, 'Anadol: the Last Home of the Faithful,' the country of Northern Syria has been well described by the Rev. Samuel Lyde, in his 'Ansareeh and Ismaeleeh,' and a somewhat dreamy quasi-philosophic work has appeared from the pen of Mr. Crowe, under the title of 'The Greek and the Turk; or Powers and Prospects of the Levant.' From the Messrs. St. John, all prolific writers of travels, we have had during the year, 'The Turks in Europe: a Sketch of Manners and Politics in the Ottoman Empire,' 'The Indian Archipelago: its History and Present State,' and a trip through Italy and Greece to Egypt, 'There and Back Again in search of Beauty.' In the same direction, too, we have Mr. Parkyn's valuable 'Notes collected during Three Years' Residence and Travels in Abyssinia.' Four important works have been produced during the year on as many different interesting regions of Africa:—'The Dory and the Veld, or Six Months in Natal,' by Mr. C. Barter; 'Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast,' by Mr. Brodie Cruikshank; 'Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa,' by the late James Richardson; and 'The Narrative of an Explorer in Tropical South Africa,' by Mr. Francis Galton. Four works of similar research have also appeared relating to as many different regions of South America, 'Ten Thousand Miles' Ride through the Argentine Provinces,' by Mr. W. McCann; 'Circumnavigation of the Globe in H.M.S. *Herald*,' treating chiefly of Ecuador, by Dr. Berthold Seemann, 'A Visit to Mexico, Yucatan, &c.,' by Mr.

W. P. Robertson; and 'Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro,' by Mr. Alfred R. Wallace. Concerning countries of the more northerly regions of the New World, we have had Major Strickland's 'Twenty-Seven Years in Canada West,' Mrs. Moodie's 'Life in the Clearings,' Mr. Palliser's stirring 'Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies,' Lieutenant Sleight's 'Pine Forests and Hacmatack Clearings,' and 'Traits of American-Indian Life and Character,' by a Fur Trader. Of arctic voyages, three narratives have appeared, 'A Summer Search for Sir John Franklin, with a Peep into the Polar Basin,' by Captain Inglefield; Captain Kennedy's 'Narrative of the Second Voyage of the Prince Albert,' and Lieutenant Hooper's 'Ten Months among the Tents of the Tusk.' Of travels in more remote countries, we may mention a lively and entertaining 'Recollections of a Three Years' Residence in China,' by W. Tyrone Power; 'The Adventures of a Lady in Tartary and Tibet,' by Mrs. Hervey, 'Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific,' by Captain Erskine, and 'Forest Life in Ceylon,' by Mr. W. Knighton. The gold diggings in Australia have been again the subjects of several journals of experience, of which the following are worthy of mention:—'Australia Visited and Revisited,' by J. Mossman and T. Banister, 'Adventures in Australia,' by the Rev. H. Berkeley Jones, and 'A Lady's Visit to the Gold Diggings of Australia,' by Mrs. Charles Clacy. Coming nearer home, we may notice Lady Louisa Tenison's lively 'Castile and Andalusia,' Mr. Cayley's amusing Spanish tour, 'Les Alforjas,' Mr. Loring Brace's 'Home Life in Germany,' and Mr. Charles Boner's 'Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria.' Lastly, we have had a few additional notes of travel in Ireland, in Sir Digby Neave's 'Four Days in Connemara,' and in Dr. Forbes' 'Memorandums made in Iceland in 1852.'

The most important work to notice under the head of Poetry is the publication of Mr. Collier's 'Notes and Emendations of the Text of Shakespeare.' Although he has not made the most judicious use of his discovery, yet it is impossible to deny that the greater portion of the corrections of his annotated folio of 1632 have a wonderful stamp of authority, and clear up in the simplest manner points which have puzzled all previous commentators. Next in importance we may value the appearance of a new poet in the volume of Mr. Alexander Smith. No poet since our own laureate has come before the public with the same promise, and we trust that another year will help to ripen and fructify his powers. Of other poems collected and given to the world we may mention Mr. Quillinan's 'Poems,' and 'The Lusiad of Luis de Camoens,' Peter John Allan's 'Poetical Remains,' and J. E. Bode's 'Ballads from Herodotus.' A new translation of Horace has appeared from the pen of Professor Newman, of University College, but though a clever scholarly production it is not smooth enough for musical ears. Among novels, 'Villette,' by the author of 'Jane Eyre,' is the only one of decided merit.

Of scientific works that have come under our notice we refer with pride to Professor James Forbes' 'Norway and its Glaciers,' to Mr. Gould's 'Humming Birds,' to Dr. J. D. Hooker's 'Flora of New Zealand,' to Professor Phillips' 'Rivers, Mountains, and Sea Coast of Yorkshire,' to Mr. Jukes' 'Popular Physical Geology,' to Dr. Latham's 'Ethnology of Europe and of the British Isles,' to Professors Sedgwick and M'Coy's 'Palaeozoic Fossils,' to Sir John Richardson's 'Zoology of the Voyage of M.M.S. *Herald*,' and to Dr. Seemann's 'Botany of the same Expedition.' Valuable scientific works have also been produced by the Ray and Palaeontographical Societies, and two volumes of interesting popular reading, 'The Natural History of the Eastern Borders,' by Dr. Johnston, and 'A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast,' by Mr. Gosse. We may mention, too, that the 'Conchologia Iconica, or Illustrations of Recent Shells,' by L. Reeve, has with the close of the year reached its thousandth plate.

The principal art works have been Mr. Layard's narrative of his second expedition, 'Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon,' and the completion of Mr. Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' and of books of antiquarian interest we may notice 'Northern Mythology,' by Mr. Thorpe, 'A Descriptive Catalogue of the London Traders' Tokens of the Seventeenth Century,' and Mr. Bankes' 'Story of Corfe Castle.' There have been some few translations of important foreign works, and rather an improved supply of American literature.

Our obituary, God be praised, has been small. Four naturalists of eminence have been taken from us during the year—Mr. Stephens, entomologist; Dr. Pereira, pharmaceutical chemist; Mr. Strickland, zoologist; and Mr. Stokes; but in other departments of literature and the arts the hand of death has dealt sparingly. Old Joseph Cottle has passed from us at a good old age, Mrs. Opie at still riper years, and Mr. Samuel Woodburn. Of foreign *savans* we have had to record the deaths of Arago, astronomer; Van Buch, geologist; Laurillard, comparative anatomist; Overweg, geographer; and C. B. Adams, naturalist.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

The suggestion brought before the Society of Arts, by Prince Albert as President, to collect authentic portraits of distinguished inventors, either in art or science, is one which commends itself to general approval. The remarks accompanying the proposal are also judicious and appropriate:—"Great care should, however, be taken in the selection, only to include those whose inventions have had an important and beneficial effect in improving the condition of the people generally, and in advancing science, and in whom, consequently, all should feel an equal interest. An attempt to form a collection of this description might also prove the means of rescuing from destruction many records that may still exist of bygone men, eminent in science or in art—and if a catalogue were added, containing some short biographical sketch of their lives, it might tend to the further useful result of leading others to study, and attempt to emulate the means by which such men acquired their reputation." From a classified gallery of portraits, and the biographical notices contained in the descriptive catalogue, much useful and interesting information would be derived.

The Friday Evening Lectures appointed for the forthcoming session at the Royal Institution are:—Professor Faraday, 'On Electric Induction, Associated Cases of Current and Static Effects;' Professor Tyndall, 'On the Vibration and Tones produced by the Contact of Bodies having different Temperatures;' Mr. Grove, 'On the Transmission of Electricity by Flame and Gases;' Professor Owen, 'On the Structure and Homologies of Teeth;' Dr. Conolly, 'On the Characters of Insanity;' Dr. H. Benck Jones, 'On the Acidity, Sweetness, and Strength of different Wines;' Professor Baden Powell, 'On certain Paradoxes of Rotatory Motion;' Mr. Brooke, 'On the Construction and Uses of the Modern Compound Microscope;' Dr. S. H. Ward, 'On the Growth of Plants in closely Glazed Cases;' Dr. Lankester, 'On the Structural and Physiological Distinctions supposed to limit the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms;' Dr. Gladstone, 'On Chemical Affinity among substances in Solution;' and the Rev. J. Barlow, 'On some of the Properties and Applications of Silica.'

Lord Lonsborough has recently made some very desirable and remarkable additions to his already choice collection of Ancient Arms and Armour. Among his lordship's new acquisitions are a *jamb*, with the pointed *solleret* attached, a very characteristic example; a sword with bronze sheath, probably of the last period of the Roman occupation of Britain, in very perfect state; a dagger of Swiss workmanship, with a representation of Jephtha's rash vow; a German executioner's sword, with an inscription on the blade: "When I am raised, wish the criminal eternal life! The judges pronounce the doom—I execute the sentence!" A tilting helmet of the time of Henry V.,

closely resembling that on the tomb of Sir Edward de Thorpe, at Ashwethorpe, Norfolk; a pair of gauntlets of russet and gold, of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which probably belonged to that monarch, as they bear the devices of the rose and true lovers' knot. These gauntlets were formerly in the Earl of Pembroke's collection, and originally belonged to a suit of armour in the private apartments at Windsor Castle. In addition to these are a lance-head, said to have been found in the tomb of a Count de Treves, killed in a duel *à l'outrance*; a *coute*, or admiral's hanger, the blade and hilt, &c., richly inlaid with gold. On one side of the blade is a representation of the investment of Boulogne by Henry the Eighth, and on the other a long Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—"Rejoice, Boulogne, under the government of Henry the Eighth. Thy towers may now be seen adorned with purple roses; the ill-scented lilies are torn away and fallen; the cock is beaten, and the lion reigns in the invincible castle. Thus neither valour nor beauty will fail thee, since the lion is thy guard and the rose thy ornament!" It is not improbable that this remarkable weapon was presented to Henry on his taking possession of Boulogne. His lordship has also purchased a portion (it is said by far the better one) of the curious ancient chessmen found some years since in the Isle of Skye, the remainder being now in the collection of the British Museum. They are formed of the tooth of the walrus, and as an example of ancient Scandinavian art, and curious illustrations of costume, are supposed unique.

French literature is at length, we are glad to say, giving signs of recovery from the stagnation into which it was plunged by the establishment of imperial despotism. Within the last two or three months several original works, by authors of great reputation, have been brought out, and many others are in preparation. Amongst the latter, we may mention a new contribution to the 'History of the English Revolution,' by M. Guizot; the continuation of the 'History of the Consulate and Empire,' together with a work on the Fine Arts, and a 'History of Florence,' by M. Thiers; a translation of 'Dante,' by M. Lamennais; a continuation of the 'Souvenirs Politiques et Littéraires' of M. Villemain, the first volume of which appeared a fortnight ago, and created a profound sensation in Paris; more *études* of personages of the Fronde, and, perhaps, a volume or two of what the French call *haute* philosophy and *haute* literature, by M. Cousin; the continuation of M. de Barante's 'History of the Convention;' ditto of M. de Lamartine's ditto; whilst Jules Janin will give two or three other volumes of his *soi-disant* 'History of Dramatic Literature;' Madame Sand an account of her life and adventures, under the title of 'Ma Confession,' and, perhaps, a new novel or two, saying nothing of her plays; Ponsard a new tragedy or comedy; the notorious Dr. Veron the conclusion of his memoirs of a 'Bourgeois de Paris,' which grow more readable the more they advance; and a whole army of minor scribes are plying their pens with as much industry as if they were sure to find readers.

The public reading of his own works by Mr. Dickens at Birmingham last week is a novel event in the history of popular instruction and recreation. The occasion was the establishment of a new Mechanics' Institute, to aid in providing the necessary funds for which Mr. Dickens generously offered to contribute his services in the form of these readings. The 'Christmas Carol' and the 'Cricket on the Hearth' were the works selected on two nights, the former being repeated on a third night, when the audience consisted entirely of operatives and their families. On each occasion above two thousand persons were present, and the attention of the crowded audience was riveted by the speaker. To read a work already familiar to a large portion of the public was a severe trial, but the good elocution, dramatic skill, and hearty feeling of the author gave full effect to the delivery of the stories. The experiment was altogether successful, and although few authors could attempt it with the same advantages as Mr. Dickens, this

form of education and entertainment deserves to be more frequently introduced. The new Birmingham Mechanics' Institute promises to be established under auspicious circumstances, and the fact of its being under the patronage of the Corporation, while its working committee will consist of intelligent working-men, will go far to provide for its efficient and permanent success.

A proposal has been made by Mr. Charles Hume, Rector of St. Michael's, Wood-street, to supply the suburbs of London with some of the churches not required in the city. While the metropolitan districts are rapidly increasing in population, the City of London is nearly depopulated, compared with the numbers who lived there in former times. Mr. Hume, in a pamphlet, enters into topographical and statistical details of much interest, and he satisfactorily makes out his case, which has, we believe, already received high official sanction. The removal of some of the ancient churches might disturb some old classical and historical associations, but the records of these will still remain, and the moral and religious benefits of the proposal are such as to leave little room for objections being offered, the interests of present incumbents, and the spiritual welfare of the remaining parishioners, being duly provided for.

We announce with regret the death M. Visconti, the great Parisian architect. On Friday last, full of life and spirits, he attended a meeting of his colleagues of the Commission of the Universal Exhibition of 1854, and took part with them in arranging and distributing their preliminary labours. He then went to his office in the Ministry of State, and was hard at work, when he was seized with apoplexy. He made no noise, and was found, an hour or two after, leaning dead on his desk. He was charged with many of the great architectural works which have been executed in Paris of late years; but his name will be chiefly remembered for his tomb of Napoleon on the Invalides, and for his plans for the completion of the Louvre, and its union with the palace of the Tuileries. These plans were selected out of an immense number submitted to the Government, and it is universally allowed displayed vast talent. He has left them so complete, even to the minutest details, that there will be no difficulty in carrying them out as he himself would have done. The immense works which they have rendered necessary are already far advanced. The deceased was a member of the Academy of Fine Arts of Paris, and of many foreign scientific societies.

Of the two prize essays on juvenile delinquency, pronounced equal in merit by the adjudicators, one is written by Mr. Micaiah Hill, minister of a congregational church in Devonshire, and the other is the production of a lady who does not court publicity by announcing her name, but displays in her treatise much literary ability and patient research.

In Paris more books are sold in the week in which New Year's Day falls than in any other of the year, the reason being that *le jour de l'an* is the great national and domestic festival of the French, and is chiefly celebrated, as in Rome of ancient times, by making presents. But the vast majority of the works then sold are of small literary value. Picture and story books for children form the great bulk of them; and illustrations more or less splendid, and bindings more or less gorgeous, constitute all the merit of the remainder. We wonder that Parisian publishers do not make a practice of bringing out original works specially written and specially illustrated for the great *jour de l'an*. Such works would certainly be far more agreeable to the public, and would therefore obtain a larger sale, than the children's trash, the 'Voyages to China,' the 'Robinson Crusoes,' the 'Visits to the Jardin des Plantes,' and such like, which are year after year offered to present-makers. The sales this season have, we are sorry to hear, not been very extensive. The extraordinary dearth of provisions, and the prospect of war, have made money scarce; and, besides, the weather has been detestable, which was an excuse for people to stop at home, and thereby avoid making purchases.

The Norwich Musical Festival Committee have

come to the determination to hold their next triennial entertainment in September next, instead of September, 1855. In taking this step, the Committee have exercised a wise discretion, as they have restored the festival to its old place in the musical system, and will be enabled to make their arrangements without interfering with those of other societies in different parts of the country.

M. Pierre Didot, formerly a member of the great printing and publishing firm of Didots in Paris, died in that city a few days ago, aged not less than ninety-three. The typographic art in France is not a little indebted to him for its present exquisite perfection.

The musical week in Paris has not been a very brilliant one—in fact, the first one in the year never is, as people are too much absorbed with visiting and handshaking, kissing and embracing, present-making and feasting and dancing, to attend to anything else. The only novelty to be mentioned is a one-act opera, by M. Reber, at the Opéra Comique, called *Les Papillotes de M. Benoist*. The music is light, gay, and charming; but the first part of the work is much superior to the latter. The opera is well sung by Sainte Foy, Couderc, and Madame Miolan.

A sad accident has befallen Gueymard, one of the principal singers of the Grand Opéra at Paris. His hair-dresser, whilst curling his hair a few mornings ago, accidentally touched his eye with the heated iron. Loss of the sight, and perhaps permanent disfigurement will, it is feared, be the consequence.

Donizetti's *Betty*, which, as stated in our last, has been produced at the Grand Opéra at Paris, has obtained no great success. It is indeed altogether unworthy of the eminent composer of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and so many other noble works. It is not even equal to Adam's *Châlet*, of which it is an imitation.

The theatrical novelties of the week in Paris may be noticed in a few words. A little one-act comedy, by Messrs. Achard and Solar, has been produced at the Odéon Theatre, under the title of *Souvent femme varie*, but it is of small pretensions and small merit.

A grand musical festival is to be held at Rotterdam in July next, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Society for the Advancement of Music in the Netherlands.

The Emperor of Austria has decreed that the German shall be the vernacular language of all the colleges of Hungary.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

LINNEAN. — *Dec. 20th.* — Professor Bell, President, in the chair. John Dickinson, Esq., was elected a Fellow. Sir Henry T. De la Beche, on the part of Her Majesty's Government, presented a complete series of the Memoirs of the Geological Survey, and the Records of the School of Mines. Mr. T. S. Ralph presented dried specimens of New Zealand plants and fruits, the liber of *Hookeria populacea*, specimens of a parasitic insect taken upon the antarctic whale, together with specimens of the whale's blood, sporules of an *Azorel*, &c., put up as objects for the microscope. Mr. Daniel Hanbury presented the fruits of four species of Cardamom, two species of Gardenia, *Quisqualis indica*, &c., all from China. Mr. Curtis read a 'Note regarding a Weevil of the Vine and its Parasite.' The attention of naturalists has long been directed to the subject of the injury sustained by the vineyards in the south of Europe from the attacks of insects. Among the beetles which infest the vines, a Weevil, *Attelabus Betuleti*, Fabr., occasionally does very extensive mischief to those of Burgundy, whilst in England this species is content to feed upon the birch. During his stay at Genoa last June, Mr. Curtis paid a visit to the Botanic Garden there, when his attention was called to the vines trained against the walls, which were attacked by the mildew so prevalent this year through Médoc and the wine-growing countries of France and Italy. Whilst thus engaged, he was surprised to see the leaves of the vines rolled up like cigars,

by the agency of the above-mentioned insect. Referring to an elaborate memoir by Dr. Debeey, upon *Attelabus Betuleti*, Linn., for a detailed account of the *modus operandi* of the leaf-rolling weevils in general, Mr. Curtis briefly stated that the female weevil cuts the leaf through across the diameter, without dividing the mid-rib, deposits an egg or two upon the upper surface, then rolls up the lower portion, leaving the upper part untouched, so that it remains green for a considerable period. The *Attelabus Betuleti*, however, seems to differ in its mode of manipulation from most other weevils, rolling up the entire leaf from the base to the tip without any transverse cutting. After this preliminary notice of the habits of the *Attelabi*, the author proceeded to his more immediate object on the present occasion—viz., to call attention to a memoir by Professor Filippi, of Turin, relative to a minute hymenopterous insect whose province it is to keep down the multiplication of the *Attelabus Betuleti*. "This little four-winged fly," says he, "a species of *Pteromalus*, contrives to lay its eggs in those of the weevil, which is not very difficult; but the most extraordinary part of M. Filippi's discovery is that a still smaller insect of the same family deposits an egg in that of the parasite, so that the maggot of the first parasite becomes the food of the second, thus preventing the too rapid increase of the parasite, which possibly might otherwise multiply so greatly that the weevil would be exterminated." The author concluded by pointing out the importance to those engaged in agricultural and horticultural pursuits, of becoming accurately acquainted with the economy of parasitic insects, by whose agency other noxious insects are rendered less destructive than they must otherwise become if unchecked in their multiplication. At the request of Mr. Curtis, the Secretary, Mr. Bennett afterwards translated from the original Italian, and read to the meeting, a portion of Professor Filippi's memoir; from which it appeared that the views attributed to him by Mr. Curtis, and which he had in point of fact entertained in the first instance, had, on further examination, been very considerably modified; he having eventually come to the conclusion that the two larvæ above-described belong to one and the same species, and that they furnish a very remarkable instance of what Steenstrup has called the alternation of generations, the *Pteromalus* not producing in the first instance creatures like itself, but intermediate beings, which are the mothers of other offspring capable of being developed into perfect *Pteromali*. These intermediate beings have received from Steenstrup the name of nurses. Dr. Berthold Seemann read 'Notes on the Natural Order *Crescentiaceæ*.' Botanists have differed greatly in opinion with respect to the proper position of this natural order, which was associated by Jussieu with *Salicaceæ*, by Endlicher with *Gesneriaceæ*, and by Decandolle with *Bignoniaceæ*. Gardner was the first to point out their claims to be regarded as a separate order, closely allied to *Bignoniaceæ*. This view having been adopted by Dr. Lindley, he gave in the first edition of his 'Vegetable Kingdom' a diagnosis of the order, for which Dr. Seemann proposes to substitute another, objecting to that of Dr. Lindley as faulty, in having been drawn up from a single member of the family, *Crescentia Cujete*, and as failing consequently to comprise the chief features of the order. The *Crescentiaceæ* inhabit chiefly the tropical and sub-tropical regions of America and Africa. They are excluded from Europe and Australia, and only one species is found in Asia. Several species of *Crescentia* are cultivated, and have become naturalised in different parts of the Old World. None possess any poisonous qualities. The order, as far as it is at present known, is composed of about thirty species, arranged under nine genera. Dr. Seemann proposes to distribute the *Crescentiaceæ* into two tribes; the first, for which he adopts the name *Tanacetieæ*, including all those genera with a persistent, regular, five-cleft calyx (viz.—*Colea*, *Pariblenia*, *Phyllarthron*, *Tanacetium*, *Tripiannaria*, and perhaps *Sotor*); the second, *Crescentieæ*, comprising those genera which have a deciduous, irregular, spathaceous, or bipartite calyx (viz.—*Parmentiera*,

Crescentia, and *Kigelia*). All the plants belonging to the order have a tendency to form winged petioles, and all have parietal placentation and a truly 1-locular fruit, as an examination of the ovary will show; but when the placentæ meet, as they generally do in the mature fruit, the placentation appears to be axile, and the fruit 2 or 4-locular. The Secretary afterwards read a paper by Mr. Arthur Henfrey, entitled 'Remarks on the so-called 'Eye-spot' of the *Infusoria* and microscopic *Alge*.' After some preliminary observations on the uncertainty which frequently presents itself as to the real existence of the colours exhibited by microscopic objects, from the decomposition of light which takes place in these minute bodies when placed under high magnifying powers, however carefully corrected, Mr. Henfrey passed to the more immediate object of his communication, which was to direct attention to the doubt existing in his own mind with respect to the nature of the red spot described by Ehrenberg as an 'eye' in the *Infusoria*. This object Mr. Henfrey had chiefly observed in the *Unicellular Alge* and *Zoopores*, and was first led to suspect that the red colour depended on unequal refraction in the cells of *Chlamidomonas Pulvisculus*. In these he had frequently found several red spots in one individual cell, and had further observed that when these spots were brought into a clear and well-defined focus, they appeared as bright colourless granules. Frequently no red spot at all could be found. Finally, he had recently found that he could bring out the crimson colour most beautifully in the hilum of starch granules. When the lens is a little too far away from the object, the hilum appears like a minute black spot; with the lens brought a little nearer, it comes out as a beautiful crimson spot, exactly like an 'eye-spot' in every respect. Adjusting the focus exactly, the hilum is seen as a well-defined bright spot, altogether devoid of any prismatic colour. The author concluded by stating that he had had the subject under consideration for some time, and thought it desirable to make known his supposition at once, that other microscopists, working with different lenses, may direct their attention to the point, and furnish the results.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE. — *Dec. 2nd.* — The Hon. Richard Neville, V. P., in the chair. The Rev. G. Tucker, rector of Musbury, Devon, communicated an account of a tessellated pavement, discovered by him at Uplyme, in that county; and he sent a large coloured representation of the floor, which displays considerable richness of design. It was found in a close known as the 'Church Field,' in which exists a large heap of ruins overgrown with brushwood, and traditionally supposed to have been the site of a church. These remains, however, on recent examination, proved to be those of a Roman structure. Fragments of urns and bones, as also a great number of roofing tiles of pentagonal form, were found upon the floor. No other vestiges of Roman occupation appear to have been noticed in this locality. The Hon. R. Neville laid before the meeting a large collection of relics of the Anglo-Saxon period, disinterred in the course of his researches in the winter of 1852, on Linton Heath, Cambridgeshire, and in the immediate vicinity of Bartlow, and the remarkable sepulchral hills at that place. Mr. Neville gave a detailed account of the progress of the interesting discoveries at this site, which appears to have been a cemetery, of nearly the same age and the same people as that investigated so successfully by Mr. Neville at Little Willbraham, as shown in his beautiful work, the 'Saxon Obsequies Illustrated.' The objects disinterred at Bartlow comprised the iron weapons of the Saxon race, swords, spears of great length, knives, &c., and numerous iron bosses of their shields, which had probably been of wood. The ornaments most striking for the richness of workmanship and perfect preservation are brooches of gilt bronze, of large dimensions, chased in high relief, and occasionally enriched with a kind of enamel. Several examples occurred of the singular wooden pails mounted in ornamental frames of

bronze, occasionally found with Saxon interments, and supposed by some antiquaries to have been the vessels used for ale and mead in the carousings of that people. A single vessel, of very thin pellucid glass, was found, elegantly fashioned, and bearing some resemblance to those found in Kent, preserved in Dr. Faussett's museum, which contains the best and most perfect specimens of Anglo-Saxon glass ever brought together in England. Numerous minor personal ornaments were obtained by Mr. Neville, some of them unique—beads of coloured glass, amber, and crystal, in large numbers, and apparently worn by either sex. A few urns were also disinterred, but they were comparatively rare. Several objects, apparently of Roman workmanship, and twenty coins of Vespasian and later emperors, sufficed to indicate that some relics of the Roman age had fallen into the hands of the Teutonic invaders of the fifth century. The same fact is shown in the notices of tumuli examined in Kent, as related by Douglas in his 'Nenia'; and it is interesting to compare the objects collected through Mr. Neville's exertions with the remarkable assemblage of Kentish antiquities preserved in the museum of the late Dr. Faussett. Mr. Neville expressed his opinion that the Bartlow cemetery must be regarded as that of a tribe there settled, and not, as some had conceived, as the scene of some great conflict, such as the battle between Edmond Ironside and Hardicanute, which occurred in those parts of England. In the conversation which ensued, Mr. Westmacott stated his concurrence in this opinion; and after some remarks on the high value of such a collection as had been formed by Mr. Neville, and the almost total deficiency of Saxon antiquities in the British Museum, Mr. Westmacott said that he had been informed that the invaluable Faussett collections, of which mention had been made, had been offered at a very moderate price to the trustees of the national depository, and he was anxious to learn whether they had been secured for the benefit of the public. In the conversation which ensued, it appeared that the Central Committee of the Institute had addressed to the trustees an appeal expressive of their strong sense of the importance of those collections, as an accession to the series which had been commenced at the British Museum, and their earnest hope that the occasion now offered might not be lost. To this appeal the reply had been received, that there were no funds available for making the purchase. It was then unanimously carried, on the proposition of Mr. Westmacott, seconded by Mr. Westwood, that a requisition should be addressed to the trustees from the Society at large, and prepared forthwith for signature, in the hope that when they were made aware of the earnest desire of antiquaries that an invaluable accession to the national series should not be lost, the purchase might be effected by some extraordinary supplies on the part of the Government. Mr. J. Y. Akerman remarked, that a similar requisition had been addressed to the trustees by the Society of Antiquaries, and that the assurance had been received by their President, Lord Mahon, that in the event of the purchase being effected by the Museum, Mr. Wylie, who had formed an extensive collection of Saxon antiquities in Gloucestershire, had liberally pledged himself to present the whole to the British Museum. It was further affirmed that negotiations had been commenced for the purchase of the Faussett antiquities for some foreign collection; and it would be a disgrace if they should be allowed to leave the country, whilst the deficiency exists in the national depository which they are so well suited to supply. Mr. Yates gave an account of a remarkable Roman casket, of bone or ivory, found at Mayence, and lately brought to this country. It appears to have been dedicated to Neptune, in honour of the Imperial house, by Lucius Verus, Procurator of Germany and Britain, with his wife and his sons, possibly that had made a vow during the perils of some storm at sea, and promised a donation to the temple of Neptune. Mr. Yates exhibited also a drawing of a fine gold torque found during the last summer at Stanton, Staffordshire, and closely resembling that in the possession of the Marquis of Westminster.

The weight is five ounces. The finder, Mr. Yates stated, when the buried treasure was revealed to view, like a glittering serpent, ran away in alarm, and it was some time before he could summon up courage to return and secure the prize. Mr. Dickenson sent a notice of various ancient relics lately found in the bed of the river Sherborne, at Coventry, and now in the possession of Mr. Hampden, of Leamington. Mr. Westwood brought a splendid volume of facsimiles from various Saxon and Irish illuminated MSS., and displaying a finer series of illustrations of the progress of Art, and peculiar types of ornamentation, than has ever been collected. The binding of this remarkable book is enriched with facsimiles of several Saxon ornaments and elaborate metal-work. Mr. Franks exhibited several Irish antiquities of stone, gold, and bronze, of forms unknown in England; and Mr. Edward Hoare communicated a notice of some specimens of Irish 'ring-money,' of gold, considered as of considerable rarity. Mr. Bartlett sent some ancient objects found at Silchester, mostly of the Roman age; and Mr. Fitch exhibited a miniature bronze bust, found at Castor, near Norwich, of admirable workmanship and design. Mr. Le Keux brought a collection of drawings, representing Stonehenge in all its various aspects; also views of buildings and objects of interest in Wiltshire. Mr. Bright produced a very rich brooch, of the Saxon age, set with ruby-coloured gems, and elaborately wrought in filigree of gold. It is supposed to have been found in England, but the precise locality has not been ascertained. Some fine coloured designs, representing mural paintings, found during the last summer in Pickering church, Yorkshire, were exhibited, and communications received on the curious character of these early examples of art, from Mr. Spencer Hall and Mr. Hey Dykes, of York, the reading of which was deferred, for want of time, to the January meeting.

ASTRONOMICAL.—Nov. 11th.—G. B. Airy, Esq., President, in the chair. 'Remarks on the Erection of the Time-Ball of the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh,' by Professor Piazzi Smyth. The simplest principle of a time-signal is to let fall some sort of conspicuous body at the appointed instant. To be seen at a distance, it must be large; to be equally visible from all directions, it must be spherical; and to be well seen, projected as it will always be here on the sky behind the lofty Nelson's Monument to all observers except such as may be on higher ground still, it requires to be painted black. Again, that it may always descend with equal velocity, whether the day be calm, or whether there be much wind pressing the ball sideways against its supports and retarding its descent by friction, it must be heavy; and, in order that the observation be of as exact a nature as possible—in order that the instant of the beginning of the descent may be observed with the utmost accuracy—there must be a cross staff on the top of the mast up to and in contact with which the ball is to be hauled, and the instant of separation of the ball in its descent from the said cross staff indicates the moment of the beginning of the fall with abundant precision. We have thus a large and heavy ball (say four feet in diameter) hauled up to the top of a mast with cross-bars on the summit, and made to fall at a certain instant daily. That is the simple principle; but what takes place in practice? Firstly, such a ball falling a great height would soon break itself to pieces; and the stronger it is made, the heavier it must be, and the more suicidal force it will have. Secondly, the effect would be also that of a ramming engine to destroy the structure whereon the ball fell, in the present case the many-storied tower of Nelson's Monument, with all its primitive architectural decorations. The earliest signal-balls which were made, though provided with ropes passing over pulleys, by which they were enabled in their descent to raise a series of weights in order to check in a gradual manner the velocity of their fall, were yet invariably found, after a short time, to pull or to smash themselves to pieces.

Steel springs were next tried to break the force of the concussion, but were pretty sure to be themselves snapped with a heavy ball, while a light one would not descend quick enough on a windy day. Recourse was finally had to compressed air, a spring of perfect temper never injured by time, and capable of any degree of delicacy at first, and any amount of violent resistance at last. To carry out this principle, a staff was attached to the ball below, terminating in a piston, which in the course of its descent entered an accurately turned cylinder, and compressing the air therein, was gradually brought to rest. Were the cylinder quite closed at the bottom, the spring of the included air might be greater than required, and also have a tendency to throw the ball up the mast again, which would be somewhat troublesome to observers. But by simply opening a graduated aperture below, so as to admit of the air partially escaping as it is compressed, the strength of the spring is diminished, and by the time that the piston has descended to the lowest point, there is so little air remaining in the cylinder, and it is still escaping so fast, that there is no power left to make the ball rebound. Thus the time-ball is made to descend without injuring the building or spoiling itself; and the trigger apparatus, by which the detent, that holds the ball when hauled to the top of the mast, is unlocked, being very nicely adjusted, and observers being duly cautioned to look to the instant of separation of the ball from the cross-staff, the descent—i. e., this first part of it—is as instantaneous as need be. In the next place, the trigger being pulled, not by the finger of a person at the ball, but by an electro-magnet, which is instantaneously set in action by the contact made at the end of a wire led into the walls of the Observatory, and brought immediately before the transit-clock itself, the instant for the signal outside can be conveyed to the undeviating mechanism there with all the refinement of a chamber experiment, and to the utmost extent of the observer's knowledge of the real time by the stars, as obtained the previous night, and continued on by the clock. When the weather permits the stars to be observed, the time may be depended on to less than one-tenth of a second. But when, as too frequently occurs in this country, with its cloud-diversified sky, more attractive to the painter than suitable to the astronomer, no star may have been seen for several days, the clock may deviate considerably; nay, so much, that on such days it would be better not to drop the ball at all, rather than to give an erroneous indication. But here, again, science affords her assistance. Such unmitigated bad weather seldom prevails equally in the south of England and over this city at the same moments; consequently an observation is often possible, and can be well obtained at Greenwich, when quite out of the question here. Then by refinement of galvanic agency the instants of such an observation, the moments of the star being on the fiducial lines of the Greenwich transit, may be flashed along a wire, and indicated on any other clock, as that of our own observatory, if only there be complete wire connexion the whole of the way. Such a road for the electricity there has long been from the Greenwich observatory to the railway station in Princes-street; but there being none thence to the Calton-hill, it could not be used for exact purposes. Within the last few days, however, the Government has consented to the wire being brought up to the observatory, on the strong representation of the importance of the measure by the Board of Visitors of the Royal Observatory, under the presidency of the Right Hon. Lord Rutherford, who, we may add, had long since evinced the warmest interest in the subject of the time-ball, and, as Lord Advocate, three years ago, was the important turning point of the whole scheme. Nearly every contingency seems thus to have been prepared for, except, perhaps, the convenience of the method of hauling up the ball, as influenced by the peculiarities of the site—viz., the apparatus being on the top of a lofty building, and at a distance from the observatory. With reference to this object, it may be remarked, that, some trouble might be experienced in ensuring

a porter's daily attendance throughout the year with perfect punctuality, unless recourse is again had to modern science. In accordance with this, a plan has been proposed, by which a weight having been wound up at any previous hour of the day or night, then on electrical contact being made at the observatory by the astronomer at a precise moment, that weight is unlocked, immediately descends, and hauls up the ball. Next at five, or any other number of minutes, a second contact being made on another wire lets the ball down. Thus the ball is both raised up and let down by delicate signals given from the interior of the observatory by the astronomer himself with equal punctuality, both operations being similarly independent of any external person at the time. Hence arises a result not unfrequent when human labour previously employed in the mere brute purposes of raising weights or turning wheels is replaced by scientific machinery, that the work is not only cheaper but better done than before. For the ball may in this way be raised so quickly and certainly, that the beginning of its rise becomes as good a time-signal as the commencement of its fall. There may thus be two signals daily; two also which can never be mistaken for each other, as two successive descents might often be.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Dec. 20th.—J. M. Rendel, Esq., President, in the chair. The evening was devoted to receiving the Annual Report of the retiring Council, to the election of the President, Vice-Presidents, and other Members of Council for the ensuing year, and to the presentation of the Medals and Premiums which had been awarded. The report succinctly reviewed the progress of engineering works at home and abroad, and the general prospects of the profession, which appeared to be most satisfactory. It touched upon the successful results of the Industrial Exhibition at Dublin, due to the liberality of Mr. William Dargan, whose name was so intimately connected with engineering works. The sanitary improvements and other branches of engineering, having for object the social advancement of the community, were commented on, and the great works, both of public utility and of architectural embellishment, in progress in France, under the present energetic ruler of that kingdom, were pointed out as worthy of exciting our national emulation. With so extensive a choice of subjects, the paucity of papers transmitted for the meetings was pointed out; and rather startling statements were given, showing how few of the members of all classes had fulfilled the obligations entered into on joining the Institution. The principal papers read during the past session were enumerated, with a short notice of each, and of the tenor of the discussions, which were shown to be the distinguishing features of the meetings of the Society. It was apparent that those were the most valuable papers which were the most readily furnished by engineers, as being observations of the effects of natural causes, in constant operation, in the vicinity of work constructing under their direction, and the attention of members was urged to that point. It was gratifying also to observe that premiums were awarded for four papers, contributed by gentlemen who were not connected with the Institution. The following medals and premiums were presented:—Telford Medals to Messrs. Coode, Clark, Brooks, Huntington, Burt, Duncan, Siemens, Cheverton, and Barrett; and Council Premiums of Books to Messrs. Richardson, Armstrong, Rawlinson, and Sewell. Attention was directed to the engraving of Mr. Andrews' portrait of the Past-President, Sir John Rennie; to the portrait of Brindley, presented by Mr. Hawkshaw; and to a marble bust of the first President, Telford, by Hollins, which had been lost sight of for many years, and only accidentally recovered by the Secretary within the last few months. It was now restored to the Institution, for which it had been originally destined, and Mr. Rendel, as a last act of presidency, presented for it a pedestal appropriately carved from a block of Peterhead granite—a mate-

rial which had been so extensively employed in the works of the first President of the Institution. The deceased noticed were few; they were Major-General W. G. MacNeill, (U. S. Army), John Green, and Tomaso Cini, Members:—Colonel J. N. Colquhoun, R.A., and Messrs. E. J. Dent and G. Bradshaw, Associates. The memoirs detailed the services of these two distinguished officers, who to their military talents united great aptitude for engineering pursuits; the numerous works of an old member of the profession; the labours of a foreign coadjutor, too early removed from a sphere of usefulness; the ingenuity and excellence of workmanship of the well-known chronometer maker; and the kindly disposition, the watchfulness for opportunities of doing good, and the energy in pursuing his useful course, of him who was the pioneer in all guides for travelling the complicated network of railways in this country and on the Continent. The financial statement showed that though there was a heavy debt for printing, yet the annual income now, for the first time, exceeded the ordinary expenditure; it was deemed expedient to expunge from the accounts a large amount of arrears of subscription, and to erase the names of the defaulters from the register of the Institution. It was, shown that the cost of rebuilding the house of the Institution had been entirely defrayed from the building fund, by which also all repairs were now provided for; and that the past and present Members of Council had made voluntary contributions, in aid of the funds of the Society, to an amount far exceeding anything imagined by the general body of the Members. The vital importance of printing the arrears of the Minutes of Proceedings, and of giving rapid publicity to the papers and the abstracts of the discussions, was generally admitted; the question had occupied the serious attention of the Council, and nothing but the fear of involving the Institution in hopeless financial difficulties had caused the present arrears of publication. After giving an account of the progress of the printing of the volumes of the Transactions and of the Minutes of the Proceedings, showing the gradual extension and the cost, it was demonstrated that there existed no other bar to the rapidity of publication than the extent to which the members of all classes were willing to assess themselves, by voluntary or compulsory contributions, to defray the inevitable amount of expenditure for printing. This statement produced a lengthened discussion, which resulted in the determination that contributions should be collected from members of all classes, on the following scale—President, thirty guineas; Past-Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and Members and Associates of the Council, twenty guineas each; Members, five guineas each; and Associates, one guinea each. This assessment was cheerfully agreed to, and several Members and Associates present doubled the amounts of their contribution, to aid in the very desirable object of immediate publication of the Minutes of Proceedings. The following gentlemen were elected to fill the several offices in the Council for the ensuing year:—James Simpson, President; G. P. Bidder, I. K. Brunel, J. Locke, M.P., R. Stephenson, M.P., Vice-Presidents; J. Cubitt, J. E. Errington, J. Fowler, C. H. Gregory, J. Hawkshaw, T. Hawksley, J. R. M'Clean, C. May, J. Penn, and J. S. Russell, Members; and H. A. Hunt and C. Geach, M.P., Associates of Council. Mr. Rendel, President, on quitting the chair, which he had occupied for two years with such advantage to the Institution, addressed the meeting. He alluded to the general professional employment in all parts of the world, and noticed with pride the preference exhibited for British engineers, whose scientific and practical skill was no less acknowledged than their known probity and honour. The importance attached to the title of Member of the Institution was referred to, for the purpose of pointing out the necessity entailed by it for fostering and sustaining the reputation of the Society, and for making its archives the depository of the records of all the best engineering works. He pointed out also that all periods of agitation for change were dangerous epochs for

societies, and more especially for the Institution of Civil Engineers, whose peculiar bond had hitherto been, the merit of having closely united those members of the profession who formerly could rarely be brought together. All changes, then, should, he urged, be gradual, and above all result only from careful consideration by the older members, who on all occasions had demonstrated their anxiety to bring forward their juniors. He then thanked his coadjutors and the Secretary for their assistance; commended his successor to the same kind consideration as he had experienced, and with regret retired into the class of Past-Presidents, after being an active member of the Institution for thirty years, during thirteen of which he had been successively elected on the Council, and had now completed his second year of tenure of the office of President.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Dec. 21st.—Harry Chester, Esq., in the chair. The first paper read was 'On Pettit's Fisheries Guano,' by Mr. Horace Green. The paper commenced by stating that guano was generally understood to have been introduced to the notice of Europeans by Von Humboldt, in 1804. It was brought to England as an object of merchandise in 1839. It had been used in Peru for 600 years and upwards, and the island depositories had been for ages under the management of the State. In 1841, Professor Johnston gave the price of guano as 25s. per ton in this country, and not more than 2l. 5s. to 3l. 10s. on the spot; and having made an analysis, and calculated the price at which the same amount of fertilizing matter might be added to the soil from the manufactories of this country (say 9l. 10s.), he deduced that the British farmer should not be called upon to pay more than 20l. per ton for Peruvian guano. Mr. Philip Pusey also gave the same opinion. Of the excrementitious matter voided by sea birds, a very large proportion was decomposed before the guano of commerce was extracted from its beds, and more still before its arrival in this country. Proof of the rapid depreciation of guano in keeping might be found in the analyses of the dung of birds by M. de Coidet and Sir Humphrey Davy. Coidet found in recent excrement 8.01 of pure ammonia, and of ammonia in the form of its equivalent of uric acid, 35.20, making a total of 43.81 per cent. Davy found that the soluble matter of the dung of pigeons decreased from 23 per cent. in the recent excrement to 16 per cent. in that of six months old, and to eight per cent. after fermentation. It appeared that in five years (1845-50), nearly 650,000 tons of guano had been brought almost round the world for the stimulation of the soils of this country; but it was generally believed that the zenith of supply from Peru was past. From the mean of many analyses of different varieties, it was stated that the amount of ammonia was, in Saldanha Bay, 1.68 per cent.; in Patagonia, 2.55 per cent.; in Cape and Algoa Bay, 2.00 per cent.; and in the New Islands, 1.96 per cent.; but in phosphate of lime, which was the next most important element, the guanos were richer as they were poorer in ammonia. The mean amount of phosphate of lime was, in Saldanha Bay, 55.40 per cent.; in Patagonia, 44.00 per cent.; in Cape and Algoa Bay, 20.00 per cent.; and in the New Islands, 62.80. The question, however, arose whether or not large quantities of such manures could be sold at a price which should not exceed the home cost of super-phosphate of lime. Reference was then made to the Guano Substitute Prize of 1000l., and the Gold Medal, which were offered by the Royal Agricultural Society, for the discovery of a manure equal in its fertilising properties to Peruvian guano, and which could be sold at a price not exceeding 5l. per ton; and it was contended that as according to the composition of guano, as given by Professor Way, and the known value of these several articles in the markets of commerce, the value of a ton of such material would be upwards of 12l., it was not at all probable that any one would dispose of it for 5l. The author then proceeded to describe the fisheries guano of Mr. Pettit, and gave

the results of several analyses, from which it was deduced that, according to the scale before alluded to, the mean value of the samples tested was 97. 7s. 7d. per ton. The manufacture of this guano on a large scale would be carried on by a process of the following nature:—A given weight of fishy matter was placed in a large tank, and sulphuric acid of commerce added to the mass. The action of the acid was so powerful as speedily to reduce the organic matter to a soft pulpy consistency, resembling in appearance the faecal matter of birds. This pasty mass being placed in a centrifugal drying machine, and the superabundant moisture forcibly driven off, the partially dry matter was now submitted to a heat not exceeding 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and afterwards pulverized in a suitable manner. In this process the oily matter of the fish separated itself and swam upon the surface of the liquid, hence it could be easily separated, and formed an important item in the economy of the manufacture—since, taking all kinds of fishy matter, we obtained an average of three per cent. of oil, worth 25*l.* per ton, or three-fourths of the whole expense of the raw material. Another process might in some cases be adopted with advantage, especially with cartilaginous fish. As to the supply of the raw material, it was believed, from the testimony of many persons on the coasts, as well as in the evidence in several Blue-books, that an ample supply of refuse fish would be obtained at an average price of 1*l.* per ton, and taking 60 tons of this weekly, the cost of manufacture and incidental expenses would be 10,643*l.* per annum. From this there would result 93 tons of oil, which, at 25*l.* per ton, would give 2325*l.*, and 1653 tons of guano, at 7*l.* per ton, or 11,571*l.*, making together 13,896*l.* as the amount of sales, or as profit of 3253*l.* The second paper was 'On Fish Manure as a substitute for Guano,' by Mr. J. B. Lawes. He stated that some years ago an inquiry was instituted as to whether the offal and refuse fish of Newfoundland could not be prepared into a manure at a cheaper rate than that already in the market, when it was found that there were difficulties in the way, which led to the abandonment of the idea.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.**—Geographical, 8½ p.m.—(1. Latest accounts of the Mission to Central Africa, communicated by Mr. A. Petermann, F.R.G.S.; 2. Geographical Explorations in Southern Africa, by Mr. T. Baines and others; 3. Departure of Dr. E. G. Irving, R.N., F.R.G.S., on his Mission to Western Africa.)
— British Architects, 8 p.m.
— Medical, 8 p.m.—(Physiological Meeting.)
- Tuesday.**—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.
— Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—(Discussion on the Drainage of the District South of the Thames, by Mr. J. T. Harrison.)
— Zoological, 9 p.m.
— Syro-Egyptian, 7½ p.m.—(1. Biographical Notice of Dr. Grotte of Hanover; 2. Mr. Sharpe on a Sculptured Slab from Khursabad, as explained by 2 Kings xix., and Psalm xlviii.)
- Wednesday.**—Graphic, 8 p.m.
— Pharmaceutical, 8½ p.m.
— Ethnological, 8½ p.m.—(1. On the Scandinavian Affinities of the Ancient Etruscans, by Rev. J. W. Donaldson, D.D.; 2. Notice of a remarkable Cranium found near Lausanne, in a letter from J. Y. Akerman, Esq.)
— R. S. Literature, 8½ p.m.
— Literary Fund, 3 p.m.
— British Archaeological, 8½ p.m.
- Thursday.**—Royal, 8½ p.m.
— Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
- Friday.**—Astronomical, 8 p.m.
— Philological, 8 p.m.
- Saturday.**—Medical, 8 p.m.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Dresden, 30th December.

THE weather since I last wrote has gone on increasing in severity, and the poor suffer much from the cold and dearth of the necessaries of life; the price of both bread and oil has been raised from the suspension of labour in the mills, the streams having been frozen so hard that the machinery cannot be worked. We had the thermometer a

few days ago as low as 10 degrees Fahrenheit below zero; there is a regular walk across the Elbe on the ice, between the old and new towns, and a few miles higher up the stream heavily laden waggons cross without any danger. Indeed, we have not had so low a temperature since 1849, in which year the sentinels on guard had to be changed every half hour instead of every two hours, the usual time. The new picture gallery is progressing rapidly, and though I myself doubt very much if it will be ready for the admission of pictures early in the year which is opening, the architect asserts that it will. The Zwinger, of which the new gallery forms the fourth side, is a long low building, about 800 feet long and 500 broad, running round an open square; it was originally meant to form the courtyard of a magnificent palace, which was to have extended to the banks of the Elbe, projected about a century and a half ago by Augustus the Second. The palace was never even commenced, and the buildings in the Zwinger have been devoted principally to works of art and science, amongst which are to be found the museum of natural history, the collection of mathematical and scientific instruments, the valuable collection of engravings and drawings of the old masters, and the casts of the Elgin marbles. In summer the centre square is filled with beautiful orange-trees, some of which are very large, and sparkling fountains throw up their refreshing showers amongst them. Through this square will be the principal entrance to the new gallery. It is a long building of solid stone, with an archway in the middle, under which carriages set down and take up visitors, and above which springs an octagonal cupola. The lower part of the building on each side of the entrance arch will be devoted to sculpture, and is paved in marble, the roof supported by granite columns. A broad and handsome marble staircase of easy ascent leads to a long corridor which goes half the length of the building. From it one enters the picture gallery *par excellence*; the arrangement is in some respects similar to that of the Pinacothek in Munich. There are three large rooms at each end of the building, not lighted from the top, three large rooms on each side of the cupola, and connecting it with the end rooms. These are very lofty, and lighted from the top by windows of ground glass; parallel to these, and occupying the whole length of the building, are twenty-one small rooms. The cupola-room does not connect, but rather divides the gallery. You ascend to it by a flight of steps; it is octagonal, very lofty, and of course lighted from above; another flight of steps leads to a suite of small but very pretty rooms, which form a second storey to the small rooms below. They are fifteen in number, with beautifully painted ceilings, gilt cornices, dark red-coloured walls, and floors inlaid with polished wood. These rooms, too, are lighted from above. The whole building is heated with hot-air pipes, a double row of which go along and across each room, the internal as well as external walls are built entirely of solid stone. The system of heating seems to me to act very well. In its present unfinished state, and with the thermometer at 10 degrees Reaumur below freezing point, the building was comfortably warm. The plans of Professor Semper, the architect who designed the gallery, and who was obliged to run away from Dresden on account of his participation in the disturbances of 1849, have been followed as closely as possible. Madame Goldschmidt has not, as I see stated in the 'Athenæum' of the 17th December, given any concert for the poor in Dresden; she has merely, as I had previously informed you, consented to sing in two of the series of concerts given by her husband, Herr Schubert, the violinist, and Herr Kummer, the celebrated violoncello player. At the last of these concerts Madame Goldschmidt sang Jaubert's 'Ich muss nun einmal singen,' which was *encored* amidst repeated rounds of applause. The Court was there, and the rooms crowded to excess. Mr. Goldschmidt's pianoforte playing is marked by purity and refinement, though scarcely aspiring to be classed amongst the Liszt's, Thalberg's, and Schumann's of the day. His per-

formance of classical works is admirable, and will be listened to with delight by all lovers of good music. In the last concert he played with accuracy and considerable brilliancy the difficult quintett of Schumann in E flat, and in the andante, with variations from Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' sonata which followed, he showed pure and correct taste. The religious differences in Baden have been more serious than has been generally supposed. It is not of course in your journal that such questions are to be discussed, but I think it right to acquaint you with the fact that this religious excitement has already led to an attempt on the life of the Regent. On the 19th of this month, between six and seven in the evening, at the time when the Regent is generally alone, a man suddenly entered the room where he was sitting, and aimed at him with a pistol, which, however, fortunately missed fire. The Regent seized a sword which lay near him, and pursued the man, who, however, jumped out of a window into the garden, and escaped. The Regent has forbidden the matter to be discussed or spoken of, but, like all such secrets, it has escaped, and made its way into the world. I can guarantee the truth of these facts. This is rather hard upon a prince who during his short reign has shown every disposition to further literature and art, and advance the happiness of his people. From Cassel I find that the law of 1851, which severely punished all those in authority "who tampered with the secret contents of letters passing through the post," has been repealed, and the post-office employés are now required to give every information concerning the receivers and senders of letters, and to allow the inspection of their contents by authorized persons. From another part of Germany I have been begged to pay particular attention to the seal of the letters I receive, as there is no guarantee whatsoever for the good faith of the post-office department. Dr. Kohl has left Dresden for the present, and is giving lectures in Berlin on our Arctic expeditions. He then proceeds *via* Bremen, his birth-place, to London, where he means to make researches in the history of America, about which country his diligent pen has long been occupied. Herr Schneider, who died lately, succeeded Haydn as Capellmeister at Dessau. He is best known in England from his oratorio of the 'Last Judgment,' composed in 1819. He was one of the most prolific composers of the day, and 105 of his works have been printed. He composed 123 symphonies, 60 sonnets, 20 overtures, 16 oratorios, 15 masses, 28 hymns and psalms, 609 songs, and 7 operas. His musical education commenced at five years of age, and at twelve he could play on almost all known instruments. He was the brother of Herr Schneider, the celebrated organist of Dresden; some of his music was being performed at the theatre the very moment when he drew his last breath. Thalberg has, I hear, been commissioned to compose an opera in celebration of the marriage of the Emperor of Austria. A book has appeared, entitled 'Thirty-four Years of my Theatrical Career,' by Theodore von Klüster, which excites great interest in the dramatic and operatic world. Herr von Klüster was during this long period 'intendant,' as it is here called, of different theatres, and in this work (which, by the way, is very badly written, and carelessly put together) has given much valuable information and interesting facts connected with art and all great artists of the last fifty years.

VARIETIES.

An Extraordinary Tree.—The 'Gardeners' Chronicle' announces the discovery in California of a most magnificent coniferous tree, 300 feet high. "This magnificent evergreen tree, from its extraordinary height and large dimensions, may be termed the monarch of the Californian forest. It inhabits a solitary district on the elevated slopes of the Sierra Nevada, near the head waters of the Stanislaus and San Antonio rivers, in lat. 38 N., long. 120 10 W., at an elevation of 5000 feet from the level of the sea. From 80 to 90 trees exist, all within the circuit of a mile, and these varying from

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250 feet to 320 feet in height, and from 10 to 20 feet in diameter. Their manner of growth is much like *Sequoia (taxodium) sempervirens*; some are solitary, some are in pairs, while some, and not unfrequently, stand three and four together. A tree recently felled measured about 300 feet in length, with a diameter, including bark, 29 feet 2 inches, at 5 feet from the ground; at 18 feet from the ground it was 14 feet 6 inches through; at 100 feet from the ground, 14 feet; and at 200 feet from the ground, 5 feet 5 inches. The bark is of a pale cinnamon brown, and from 12 to 15 inches in thickness. The branchlets are round, somewhat pendent, and resembling a cypress or juniper. The leaves are pale grass green. Those of the young trees are spreading with a sharp acuminate point. The cones are about 2½ inches long, and 2 inches across at the thickest part. The trunk of the tree in question was perfectly solid from the sap-wood to the centre; and judging from the number of concentric rings, its age has been estimated at 3000 years. The wood is light, soft, and of a reddish colour, like redwood or *Taxodium sempervirens*. Of this vegetable monster, 21 feet of the bark, from the lower part of the trunk, have been put in the natural form in San Francisco for exhibition; it there forms a spacious carpeted room, and contains a piano, with seats for 40 persons. On one occasion 140 children were admitted without inconvenience.

Materials in the Great Wall of China.—In a lecture on China, delivered at Bolton the other day, Dr. Bowring said it had been calculated that if all the bricks, stones, and masonry of Great Britain were gathered together, they would not furnish materials enough for a work such as the Wall of China; and that all the buildings in London put together would not have made the towers and turrets which adorn it.—*Builder*.

TOPOGRAPHY, COUNTY HISTORY, AND MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

MESSRS. UPHAM AND BEET, (late RODWELL), 16, New Bond Street, corner of Maddox Street, have just issued TWO NEW CATALOGUES, which may be had on application, or will be sent by post on the receipt of two stamps. Gentlemen wishing to dispose of their Libraries (or Topographical Collection only) will be most liberally dealt with.

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Credit is allowed for half the Annual Premiums for the first five years.

The following Table exemplifies the effect of the present reduction:—

Age when Assured.	Amount Assured.	Annual Premium hitherto paid	Reduction of 30 per Cent.	Annual Premium now payable.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
20	1000	20 17 6	6 5 3	14 12 3
25	1000	23 0 0	6 15 0	16 2 0
35	1500	43 15 0	13 2 6	30 12 6
45	2000	80 11 8	24 3 6	56 8 2

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Age	First Year.	Second Year.	Third Year.	Fourth Year.	Fifth Year.	Remainder of Life.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
20	0 18 2	0 15 2	1 0 6	1 1 3	1 2 6	1 18 3
30	1 3 1	1 5 2	1 6 8	1 8 4	1 10 0	2 10 5
40	1 11 10	1 13 9	1 15 10	1 18 1	2 0 6	3 8 3

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Date of Policy.	Sum Insured.	Bonuses.	Amount.
£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1825	6000	1958 2 4	6958 2 4
1825	2000	770 9 9	2770 9 9
1828	3000	1038 2 4	4038 2 4

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	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	Years.	Mths.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
30	1 1 9	2 3 6	30	0	2 7 3	1 4 2	0 12	
40	1 9 2	2 18 4	3	2	7 6	1 4 4	0 12 6	
50	2 6 4	4 5 0	6	2	7 10	1 4 6	0 12 6	
60	3 6 8	6 13 4	9	2	8 2	1 4 8	0 12 9	

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LAW LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE, Fleet

Street, London, 2nd January, 1854. Notice is hereby given, that a General Meeting of the Proprietors of the Law Life Assurance Society will be held at the Society's Office, Fleet Street, London, on Thursday, the 2nd day of February next, at 12 o'clock at noon precisely, pursuant to the provisions of the Society's deed of settlement, for the purpose of receiving the Auditors' Annual Report of the Accounts of the Society up to the 31st December, 1853; to elect two Directors in the room of Anthony Brown, Esq., deceased, and the Right Hon. Samuel March Phillips, whose name was withdrawn at his own request when proposed for re-election in June last; and for general purposes. The Director to be chosen in the room of Anthony Brown, Esq., will remain in office until June 24, 1855; the Director to be chosen in the room of the Right Hon. Samuel March Phillips will remain in office until June 24th, 1857. By order of the Directors,

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